

THE
*F*lame
Chearful Companion
CONTAINING
A
Select Collection
of Favourite
Scots AND English
SONGS, GATCLES, &c

Many of which are Originals.



PERTH

Printed for J. GILLIES Bookseller

Kirkwall

M DCC LXXXIII

Engraving

Science

THE
CHEARFUL COMPANION:
A COLLECTION OF
SCOTS AND ENGLISH SONGS,
CATCHES AND GLEES.

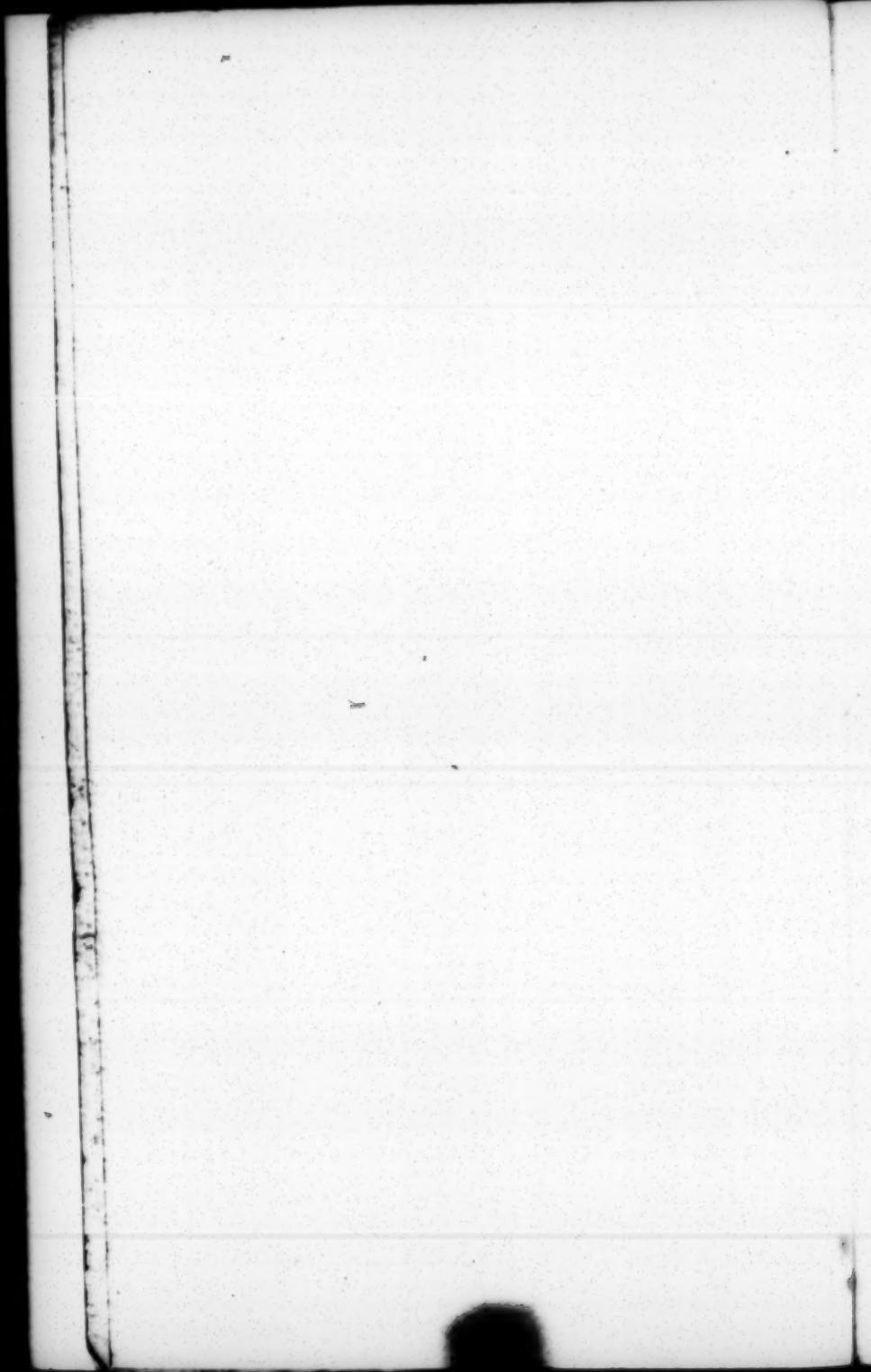
By Music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low;
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs :
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lovers wounds.

POPE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

PERTH:
PRINTED FOR JOHN GILLIES.

MDCCLXXXIII.



LADY NAIRNE *of Dunfinnan,*

THE FOLLOWING

COLLECTION OF SONGS,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOHN GILLIES.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

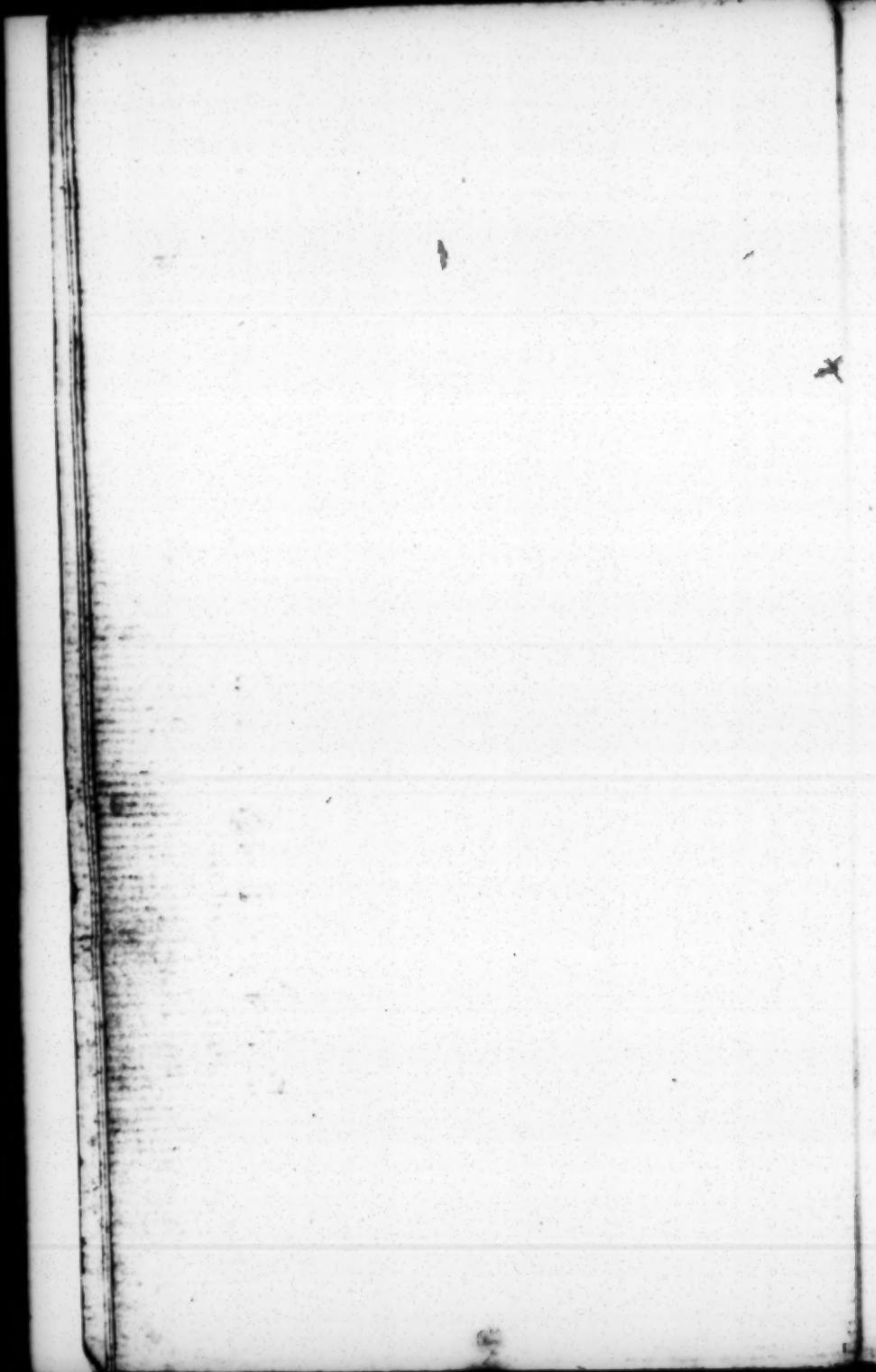
THE favourable reception which the first edition of the **CHEARFUL COMPANION** met with from the Public, induces the Publisher to sollicit their countenance to a new and improved edition.

He has been enabled by the assistance of his correspondents, to enlarge it with a considerable number of the most celebrated SONGS now in taste, and which have been sung in the most polite Assemblies in Britain.

MUSIC is the most pleasing, and most innocent amusement of the human mind : Philosophers have given it a more exalted sphere ; it softens the passions, and forms the soul to virtue ; to unite elegant composition, and elegant sounds, must every way heighten its effect, and the attempt deserves well of mankind.

WHETHER the taste and discernment necessary in such an undertaking, be displayed in this publication, must be left to the determination of the Public.

PERTH, AUGUST, 1783.



THE
CHEARFUL
COMPANION.

SONG I.

KING's ANTHEM.

FAME let thy trumpet sound,
Tell all the world around,
Great GEORGE is King.
Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
Britannia scorns their chain,
All their vile arts are vain,
Great GEORGE is King.

May heav'n his life defend,
And make his race extend,
Wide as his fame.

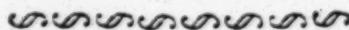
Thy choicest blessings shed,
On his most sacred head,
And make his foes to dread,
Great GEORGE's name.

A

2 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

He peace and plenty brings,
While Rome's deluded Kings
Waste and destroy.

Then let his people sing,
Long live Great GEORGE our King,
From whom such blessings spring,
Freedom and joy.



II.

A SONG IN BRITANNIA.

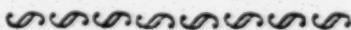
HE comes, he comes, the Hero comes, (drums
Sound, sound your trumpets, beat, beat you
From port to port let cannons roar,
He's welcome to the British shore,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air,
From pole, to pole, your joys resound,
For virtue is with glory crown'd,
Virtue, virtue, virtue, virtue,
Virtue is with glory crown'd.

III.

THE RAPTURE.

L OVELY nymph assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long need sue in vain ;
Prince of song, of dance, and sports——you
Scarce will meet his like again.



IV.

A FAVOURITE AIR,
SUNG BY MISS CATLEY, IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

C OME, come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That grove and valley, hill and field,
Or woods and sleepy mountains yield.
And I will make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand am'rous posies.
And I will, &c.

Come, come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,

4 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

That grove and valley, hill and field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield,
To deck thee for the wake and fair,
With curious fancy I'll prepare,
A cap of flowers and rural kirtle,
Embroidered with leaves of myrtle ;
A belt of straw and ivy buds ;
A coral clasp and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then come with me and be my love.
Nymphs and swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then come with me and be my love.



V.

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did clear my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely :
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd though it was foggy :
I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Katharine Ogie.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 5

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear,
In a country-maid so neatly :
Such nat'ral sweetnes she display'd,
Like a lilie in a bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this fame Katharine Ogie.

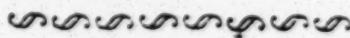
Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet they cannot disguise thee ;
Thy handsome air and graceful look,
Far excells any clownish rogue ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain !
To feed my flocks beside thee,
At boughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thoufands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

6 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dangerous stations :
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
Might I careſſ and ſtill poſſeſſ
This laſt of whom I'm vogie ;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſſ,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works of nature.
Clouds of deſpair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggy :
Pity my caſe, ye pow'rs above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.



VI.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

TWAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to ſing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair,

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 2

Young Jockey early in the morn
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn ;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.

For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps they trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear ;
He tapt the window, Haste, my dear ;
Jenny impatient cry'd, Who's there ?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.

Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep ;
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you fwear ?
And will you ever constant prove ?
I will by all the pow'rs above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Dispel those doubts, and haste my love
With Jockey to the fair.

Dispel those doubts, &c.

8 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Behold the ring the shepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride ?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there ;
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true ;
His word was pledg'd away she flew,
With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
Their gay companions, blyth and young,
Each join the dance, each join the throng
To hail the happy pair ;
In turns there's none so fond as they,
They blefs the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away
With Jockey to the fair.

When lovely Jenny, &c.

VII.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 9

The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go,
To wilds and deep glens, where the haw thorn-trees
grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn:
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

¶ The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mayda be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air :
But Sufie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth,
But Sufie was faithful, good humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r -

Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four :
Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Sufie his mistress might be.

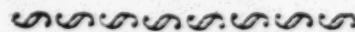
10. The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

VIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant Love,
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd ;
O let me be deceiv'd ;
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which Love did first create,
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate ;
Then call not to my wand'ring mind,
The weakness of my heart,
Which ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take the traitor's part,
To take the traitor's part.



IX.

AH! CHLORIS.

To the Tune of GILDEROY.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit,
As unconcern'd as when

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 11

Your infant beauty could beget

No happiness nor pain.

When I this dawning did admire,

And prais'd the coming day,

I little thought that rising fire

Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,

As metals in a mine.

Age from no face takes more away,

Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly

To their perfection prest :

So love as unperceiv'd did fly,

And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,

While Cupid at my heart,

Still as his mother favour'd you,

Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part :

To make a lover, he

Employ'd the utmost of his art ;

To make a beauty, she.

X.

T W E E D - S I D E .

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?

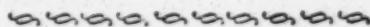
N.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 13

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pain of my breast,
And steal an ambrosial kiss.

ed ?

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare ;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.



XI.

WILLIE'S RARE, AND WILLIE'S FAIR.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blyther swain you coudna fee,
All beauty without art.

Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wond'rous bonny,
And Willie says he'll marry me,
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

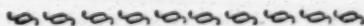
14 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

O came you by yon water side,
Pull'd you the rose or lily ?
Or came you by yon meadow green ?
Or saw you my sweet Willie ?

Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,
And flowers spread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield.

Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, &c.



XII.

SONG IN THE OPERA OF THE ROSE.

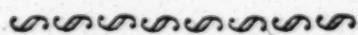
A H ! think not to deceive me,
With flatt'ring oaths and lies ;
'Tis all in vain, believe me,
For Love has piercing eyes.

A trifling present given,
Oft binds affection fast,
And grateful woman's driven
To give herself at last.

XIII.

FROM THE SAME.

IF a kiss you would gain,
Am I bound to explain?
Ah! could you not guess by my eyes?
When they, without guile,
So twinkle and smile,
A glance is enough to the wise.



XIV.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

OH! had I been by Fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
My flocks upon the plain.

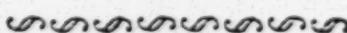
What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er could know?
Ye envious pow'rs? why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low?

XV.

FROM THE SAME.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
from fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing ;
What more than mirth would mortals have ;
The cheerful man's a king !



XVI.

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

RECITATIVE.

AS on the banks of Tweed I lay reclin'd
Beneath a verdant shade,
I heard a sound more sweet, than pipe or flute,
Sure more enchanting was not Orpheus' lute,
While list'ning and amaz'd I turn'd my eyes,
The more I heard, the greater my surprise ;
I rose and follow'd, guided by my ear,
And in a thick-set grove I saw my dear.
Unseen, unheard, (she thought) thus sung the maid :

A T R.

To the soft murmuring stream I will sing of my love,
How delighted am I when abroad I can rove,
To indulge a fond passion for Jockey my dear,
When he's absent I sigh, but how blyth when he's near.
'Tis these rural amusements delight my sad heart,
Come away to my arms love, and never depart,
To his pipe I could sing, for he's bonny and gay :
Did he know how I lov'd him, no longer he'd stay.

Neither linnet nor nightingale sing half so sweet ;
And the soft melting strain did kind echo repeat,
It so ravish'd my heart and delighted my ear,
Swift as light'ning I flew to the arms of my dear
She, surpriz'd, and detected, some moments did stand
Like the rose was her cheek, and the lily her hand,
Which she plac'd on her breast, and said Jockey I fear
I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here?

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed, and the groves I did stray,
But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft' have I sigh'd,
And have vow'd endleſs love if you would be my bride ;
To the altar of Hymen my fair one repair,
Where the knot of affection shall tie the fond pair,
To the pipe's brightly noted the gay dance we will lead,
And will blesſ the dear grove by the banks of the Tweed.

XVII.

ALL I ASK OF MORTAL MAN.

THE wanton god who pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts,
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell, lovers, when they're cloy'd :
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free,
 To rid me of dull company.

Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company.

They have their charms while mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my ease ;
 Jealous fears me ne'er molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Break my rest, break my rest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they ever give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain !

All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can.

While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.



XVIII.

EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
The fun shines sweet my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her eye ;
And fain wad I marry Marion
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion ;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

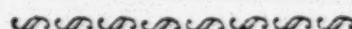
And ye's get a green fay apron,
And a waistcoat of the London brown,

20 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion
Nane dances like me on the green ;
And gin ye forsake me Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up with Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie,
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.



XIX.

THE LASS OF PATIE's MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny blyth and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away ;
When tediing of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green ;
Love midit her looks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 21

To age it would give youth,
To pres them with his hand.
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstacy of blis,
When I such sweetnes fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kis.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or sinil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopeton's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will ;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same wi' me,

XX.

JOCKEY.

MY laddie is gane far awa' o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
 Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn,
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay
 There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away,
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste my dear Jockey to me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance, and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see ;
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasures I relish that Jockey don't share ;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain ;
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here ;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haste :
 Then, farewell, each care, and adieu, each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I ;
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

XXI.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

SUNG BY MRS SMITH IN THE DESERTER.

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,
And left it underneath the grafts ;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,

And said what seek you pretty lass :

A little love when urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart and leads it far,

Oft leads a heart, &c.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now ;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough ;
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart and lead it far,

A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld ;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah, my heart did fondly yield ;
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart and lead it far,

A little love, &c.

XXII.

FROM GOLDSMITH's VICAR OF
WAKEFIELD.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
 And finds, too late, that men betray ;
 What charms can soothe her melancholy ?
 What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom---is to die !

XXIII.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

NO more my song shall be ye swains,
 Of purling streams or flow'ry plains,
 More pleasing beauties now inspire,
 And Phœbus deigns the warbling lyre ;
 Divinely aided thus I mean
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her sweet innocence I find,
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd ;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike she smiles on you and me ;

F
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy ;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole :
A matchless shape, a graceful mein,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate !
Has all these wondrous gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more.
No youth more happy can be seen,
Possessing thee my Highland Queen.



XXIV.

THE HIGHLAND MARCH.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia
we come ;
From those mountains where Romans endeavoured
to reign,
But our ancestors fought and they fought not in vain.

D

26 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

CHORUS.

For such our love of liberty, our country and its laws,
That like our noble ancestors we'll stand by free-
dom's cause ;
We'll boldly fight like heroes bright for honour and
applause,
And defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,
Our loud sounding pipe bearsthe true martial strain,
And so do we the old Scottish valour retain.

For such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak in the womb of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

For such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes ;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

For such our love, &c.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 27

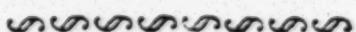
Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasting till we did advance ;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail and they fu'd for a truce.

For such our love, &c.

In our lands may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase ;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
prove kind.

C H O R U S.

For such our love of liberty our country and its laws,
We'll teach our late posterity, to fight in freedom's
cause,
That like our ancestors of old, for honour and applause,
May defy the French and Spaniards, to alter our laws.



XXV.

JEMMY AND NANNY.

WHEN innocent pleasures our pastime did
crown
Upon a green meadow or under a tree,

28 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving and bony was she :
Rouze up in the morning my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me,
Oh ! as thou art bonny be faithful as any,
Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,
Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a hinet give Nanny the spleen,
Can loosing of trifles a heart-aching he,
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from those een,
That look with indiff'rance on poor dying me :
Rouse up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me :
Oh ! as thou art bonny be faithful as any,
Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,
Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

O think my dear charmer on ev'ry sweet hour,
That slide away softly between thee and me,
E'er squirrels and beaux and their fopp'ry had pow'r,
To rival my love and impose upon thee :
Rouze up thy reason my heartful Nanny,
Let thy desires be all center'd in me,
Oh ! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy,
Love thy own Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

XXVI.

A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling plowman hailst the blushing dawn,
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic notes,
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away to the Copse, to the Copse lead away,
And now my boys throw off the hounds,
I'll warrant he shews us, he shews us some play,
See yonder he skulks through the ground,
Then spur your brisk coursers, & smoke 'em my bloods
'Tis a delicate scentilyng morn,
What concert is equal to those of the woods :
Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn,
 The hounds and the horn,
 The hounds and the horn,
 The hounds and the horn,
Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn.

Each art see he tries at in vain,
The cover no safer can find,
So he breaks it and scowers amain,
And leaves us at distance behind,

30 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

O'er rocks, and our rivers, and hedges we fly;
All hazard and danger we scorn,
Stout Raynard we'll follow until that he die,
Cheat up the good dogs with the horn, &c.

And now he scarce creeps through the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue,
His speed can no longer prevail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong; (he fled
From our staunch and fleet pack, 'twas in vain that
See his brush falls beoir'd, forlorn,
The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn, &c.

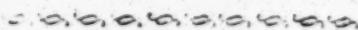
XXVII.

A B S E N C E.

THE sun his gladsome beams withdrawn,
The hills all white with snow,
Leave me dejected and forlorn,
Who can describe my woe?
But not the sun's warm beams could cheer,
Nor hills though e'er so green,
Unless my Damon should appear,
To beautify the scene.

The frozen brooks and pathless vales,
Disjoin my love and me,
The pining bird his fate bewails,
On yonder leafless tree,
But what to me is birds or brooks,
Or any joy that's near,
How sad the lute and dull the books,
While Damon is not here.

Each moment from my dear away,
Is a long age of pain.
Fly swift ye hours; be calm the day,
That brings my love again.
O haste and bring him to my arms,
Nor let us ever part,
My breast shall beat no more alarms,
When I secure his heart.



XXVIII.

'THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
At ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountainsto flow;

32 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Rude windswi' compassion, cou'd hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view;
Those eyes, then wi' pleasure, the dawn cou'd survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning mair chearful than they;
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure and languish in light.

Through changes in vain, relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew :
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, nor summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires ;
I fly from the danger of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind ;
Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care ?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

XXIX.

THE TEMPEST.

C EASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railler,
List ye landmen all to me ;
Messmates hear a brother sailor,
Sing the dangers of the sea.
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
When the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and hallyards stand ;
Down top-gallants, quick, be hawling,
Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee top-sail sheets let go ;
Looff, boys, looff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting, 
Safe from all but love's alarms.

34 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Around us roars the tempest louder ;
Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain's call :

The topsail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get,
Reef the mizzen, see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard; clear lads clear.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black sky !
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us :
. Hark ! what means yon dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve foot 'bove deck !

A lake beneath the chestree's sprung out !

Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick, the laniards cut to pieces,

Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;

Plumb the well, the leak increases,

Four feet water's in the hold !

While o'er the ship the wild wave beating,

We for wives and children mourn :

Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,

Alas ! to them there's no return !

Still the laek is gaining on us,

Both chain-pumps are choak'd below ;

Heav'n have mercy here upon us !

Only HE can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,

Let the guns o'er board be thrown ;

To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,

See ! her mizzen-mast is gone.

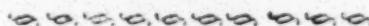
The leak we've found out, it cannot pour fast,

We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;

Then up and rig a jury fore-mast,

She's tight, she's tight, boys, wear off shore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Fortune fav'd our lives;
 Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweet-hearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about, ship wheel it;
 Close to lips the brimmer join.
 Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
 None;—our danger's drown'd in wine.



XXX.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
 gold,
 And, the meadows all spangled with dew-drops,
 behold
 The lark's early mattin proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay,

C H O R U S.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
 vie,
 While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 37

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court,
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
They often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, while soldiers hunt fame ;
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
to roam,

And when tired abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field, &c.

XXXI.

THE BANKS OF TAY.

ON thy banks, gentle Tay, when I breath'd
the soft flute,
To my Chloe's sweet accents attention fate mute;
To her voice with what transport I swell'd the flow
strain,
Or return'd dying measures in echoes again:
Little Cupid beat time, and the Graces around
Taught with even divisions to vary the sound.

From my Chloe remov'd when I did it complain,
And warble smooth numbers to sooth love-sick pain;
How much alter'd it seems as the rising notes flow,
And the soft-falling strains how insipidly flow:
I will play then no more, for its her voice alone
Must enrapture my soul to enliven its tone.



XXXII.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose from out the azure main;

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 39

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain ;

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never will be slaves !

The nations (not so blest as thee)
Must in their turas to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouie thy gen'rous flame,
But work their wee and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still, with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair :
 Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair !

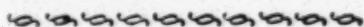
Rule, Britannia, &c.

XXXIII.

A N N A, A FAVOURITE SONG.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna,
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna :
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crock,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning,
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning :
Whither is my charmer flown ?
Shepherds tell me whither ?
Ah ! woe for me ! perhaps she's gone,
For ever and for ever.



XXXIV.

THE ECHOING HORN.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away :
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !
O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies ;
Then follow, we'll soон overtake him, huzza !
The traitor is sciz'd on and dies !

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like bacchanals, shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !

42 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom all happiness fours ;
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

XXXV.

CUPID's RECRUITING SERGEANT.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Papho's isle, so fam'd of old, I come,
To raise recruits with merry sife and drum ;
The queen of beauty hereby me invites,
Each nymph and swain to teach the sweet delights ;
Obey the call, and seek the happy land,
Where Captain Cupid bears the sole command.

AIR.

Yenymphs and ye swains who are blythsome and gay,
Attend to the call, and be blest while you may :
Lads and lasses hither come
To the sound of the drum,
I've treasure in store which you never have seen ;
Then haste let us rove
To the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 43

Each nymph of sixteen who would fain be a wife,
Shall soon have a partner to bleſs her for life ;

Then laſſes hither come
To the ſound of the drum,
I have ſweet hearts in ſtore, ſuch as never was feen.
Haste, haſte, let us rove,
To the iſland of love.

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen

Would a swain be but bleſt with a nymph to his mind,
Let him enter my liſt, and his wiſh he ſhall find,
I can bleſs him for life
With a kind loving wife,
More beautiful far than was nymph ever feen.

Then haſte let us rove,
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos, we know of no discord nor strife ;
Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life,
In tranſports and joy
We each moment employ,
And taſte ſuch delights as never was feen ;
Then haſte let us rove
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

XXXVI.

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
Beside, O nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,
Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! the cause of my mourning.

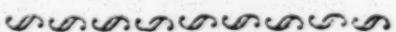
But first, said she, let me godown to the shades below:
Ere ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so;
Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh;
But finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art,
They, fighting, reply'd, 'Twas you'reyes shot the dart,

That wounded the tender young shepherdes' hear,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead, wounded by me! he faile
I'll follow thee, chaste maid down to the silent shade.
Then on her cold snowy brest, leaning his head
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.



XXXVII.

CYMON AND IPHIGENE.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NEAR a thick grove whose deep embow'd
shade,
Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
A crystal stream, with gentle murmur flows,
Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose;
Thither retir'd from Phœbus sultry ray,
And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
Cymon a clown, who never dream'd of love,
By chance was stumping to the neigh'bring grov.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought:
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd, he star'd, her lovely form survey'd;

46 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

And while with artless voice he softly sung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue;

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
Compleats the rural scene ;
Compleats the rural scene ;
But in thy bosom charming maid,
All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

She wakes, and starts, poor Cymon trembling stands,
Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands,
Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,
Where honour's present, sure no danger's near :
Half rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
O Cymon, if it's you, I need not rise,
Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
Pursue thy way and let me sleep again :
The clown transported was not silent long ;
But thus with extacy pursu'd his song :

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 47

A I R.

Thy jetty locks that careless break,
In wanton ringlets down thy neck ;

Thy love inspiring mein ;

Thy love inspiring mein :
Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,

And taper shape enchant me so,

I die for Iphigene,

I die for Iphigene.

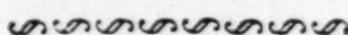
R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaz'd she listens, nor can trace from whence,
The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
She gazes, finds him comely, tall, and strait,
And thinks he might improve his awkward gait,
Bids him be secret, and next day attend
At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love cou'd teach a clown to plead,
And nature's language surest will succeed.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
Kindling gentle chaste desire ;
Love can rage itself controul,
And elevate the human soul,
And elevate the human soul.

43 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Depriv'd of that our wretched state,
Had made our lives of too long date ;
Left with beauty and with love,
Left with beauty and with love,
We taste what angels do above,
What angels do above.



XXXVIII.

A HUNTING SONG.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn;
When the anteling stag is rouz'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain ;
But still we pursue, and now comes in view of the
glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his speed,
But ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies ;
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the cries,
For now his strength fails him he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well scented hounds sur-
rounded he dies.

XXXIX.

SWEET ROBIN.

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah ! whither would you wing
Your airy flight ;
Stay here, and sing,
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go :
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half so happy as with me.



XL.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

WERE I a shepherd's maid to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd i'd watch the live long day,
My ewes to feed, my lambs at play:
Or would some bird that pity bring ;
But for a moment lend its wing,
My parents they might rave and scold,
My guardians strive my will to hold ;

G

50 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Their words are harsh, these walls are high,
But spight of all away I'd fly,
But spight of all away, &c.



XLI.

DIMPLED BOY

COME thou rosy dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Leave the blissful bow'r a while
Paphos and the Cyprian isle.
Visit Briton's rocky shore ;
Britons do thy pow'r adore ;
Britons hardy bold and free,
Own thy laws and yield to thee.

CHORUS.

Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come thou rosy dimpled boy.
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia hast away,
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Bid her thy soft rites prepare,
And bid her thy soft bondage wear :

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 51

Let the nymph with many a flow'r
Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r ;
Hither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen too be there.

C H O R U S.

This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haste to Sylvia haste away,
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haste to Sylvia haste away.

Let us love and let us live,
Love alone can pleasure give ;
Pomp and pow'r and tinsel state,
Those false pageants of the great,
Crowns and sceptres envied things,
And the pride of eastern kings,
Are but childish empty toys ;
When compar'd to love's true joys.

C H O R U S.

Love alone can pleasure give,
Let us love, and let us live,
Love alone can pleasure give,
Let us love and let us live.

XLII.

PRUDENCE.

THO' prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, ah! what can they do.
No longer a rover
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart says my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From sweet, to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
With rapture possessing,
In ev'ry one blessing,
Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

XLII.

SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET! Annie slowly left the shore,
Where Damon climb'd the vessel's side;
Alas! my heart knows home no more,
Since Damon's toss'd along the tide:
Yet shall my heart still faithful prove,
For faithful ever is my swain;

Absent he thinks on Annie's love,
And foreign beauties charm in vain.

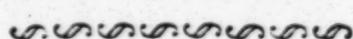
His gold let wealthy Strephon show,
And the smooth art of flatt'ry try ;
And praise the polish of his brow,
Likewise the lustre of mine eye.
What though to distant regions borne,
My lover rides the awful deep,
I'll wait and hope for his return,
And all my heart for Damon keep.

No more, false Corydon ! no more
For Annie frame the luring lay ;
Your Damon would be troubled fore,
Did you his confidence betray.
Your luring lays are all in vain,
Your false designs disgrace your art ;
But melting sweet is Damon's strain,
His strain bespeaks the faithful heart.

O ! smile, ye skies ! around my love ;
Gently, ye prop'rous breezes ! blow ;
Far off, ye savage storms ! remove,
Nor cloud my future days with woe.

54 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Full long, alas ! will be his stay,
But let me not at Fate repine ;
I'll keep my heart, and wait the day
When Damon shall again be mine.



XLIV.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
And, here's to the widow of fifty ;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

C H O R U S.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, Sir,
And, here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And, here's to her that's but one, Sir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

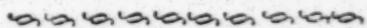
Here's to the maid with a bosom as snow,
And to her that is brown as a berry ;

And here's to the wise with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that's merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be neat,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
But fill the pint bumper up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Let the toast pass, &c.



XLV.

RUSSEL's TRIUMPH.

THURSDAY, in the morn the nineteenth of
May,

Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sail of France advancing now :
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly the Culverin, the signal for the line ;
Let every hand supply the gun,
Follow me, and you'll see,
That the battle will be soon begun.

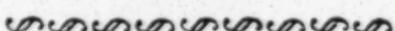
56 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire.
The bloody fight's begun the sea is all on fire;
And mighty fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the rising Sun.

Sulphur, smoak, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder a'right the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more :
At six o'clock, the Red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow :
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run and die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate,
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.

For evermore adieu, thou dazzling rising Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
Enough, thou mighty God of War :
Now we sing, bless the King !
Let us drink to every British Tar.



XLVI.

T H E C U C K O O .

WHEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight ;

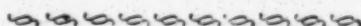
C H O R U S .

The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks :
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;

C H O R U S.

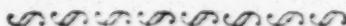
The cuckoo, then on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, &c.



XLVII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

OH! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or from my fault'ring tongue to speak,
That cruel word, farewell ;
Farewell---but know, though thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray :
Go where I will my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.



XLVIII.

FLORA AND THE ROSE,

A C A N T A T A.

WHEN Flora o'er the garden stray'd,
And every blooming sweet survey'd,
As o'er the new dipt flow'rs she hung ;
Thus wrapt in joy she fondly fung,

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 59

The early snow drop, primrose pale,
The tulip gay, the lily fair,
Each flow'r that loads the scented gale
Deserves their Flora's tender care.
Deserves their Flora's tender care,
But none of Summer's gaudy pride,
Such sweetnes, breath, or charms disclose,
As that dear flow'r that blooms beside,
None pleases like the blushing rose,
As that dear flow'r, &c.

The balmy Zephyrs round thee play,
And golden suns exert their pow'r
To bring thy beauties to the day,
And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r,
And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r.
A garland gay the nymphs and Swains
May make from ev'ry sweet that grows,
And meaner things may please the plains,
But thou art mine, thou lovely Rose.
And meaner things, &c.

XLIX.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the cheerful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay ;
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Amang the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade ;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more ;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
 The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
 The mavis and the blackbird vie
 In tunefu' strains to glad the day ;
 The woods now wear their summer fruits,
 To mirth a' nature now invites ;

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 61

Let us be blythsome then and gay,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
GamboL and dance about their dams ;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice ;
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fa',
Loudly my love to gladness ca' ;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams ;
The circling fun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance ;
Let us as jovial be as they
Amang the birks of Invermay.



L.

HE'S AYE A KISSING ME.

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee ;

62 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

I winna hae the dominee, for good he canna' be;
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee,
For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister, for a' his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyerhae, for a' his wylie crooks.
I winna hae the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the
miller,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, without ae penny filler,
For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

I winna haethefodgerlad, for he gangs to the war,
I winna hae the failor-lad, because he smells o'tar,
I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their meikle
gear,
But I will haemy Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the mier,
For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

LI.

MY DOGS AND MY GUN.

EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
Some to White's run for play, some to Bas-
ton's for news ;
To Shutter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 63

But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his summer's career,
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care ;
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest home,
And, their labours being o'er, are at leisure to roam;
From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,
And none dares to stir, but the dog I command ;
When the covey he springs, and I bring down my bird,
I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford :
No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear ;
There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill ;
For death (where I find them) they seldom can shun,
My dogs are so sure and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command ;
Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand :

64 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

When a woodcock they flush or a pheasant they spring
With heart-chearing notes how they make the woods
ring ;

Then for music let Fribbles to Ranelagh run,
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sports of the day,
And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay,
Then I think of my friends and to each send a part;
For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart :
Thus the vices of town and its follies I'll shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.



LII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BELOWE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won ;
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.

You say I'm false, and apt to change
At ev'ry face that's new :
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright eye,
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me, you shall find
That I've a heart that's true :
Of all the girls I ever saw
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

LIII.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They war' twa bonny lasses,
They bigged a bower on yon burn brae
And thecked it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter:
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May morning,

When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

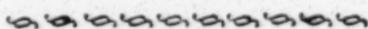
And Mary's locks are like a craw,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay fae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppres us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny bonny lasses :
 Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stentid ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

LIV.

A SONG IN DIANA.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to the woodland walks away ;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon :
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks ;
With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the sky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.



LV.

DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

DEIL tak' the wars that hurried Billy from me, .
Who to love me just had sworn ;
They made him captain sure to undo me:
Woe's me he'll ne'er return.
A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite him,
To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces,
 Now fighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
 And had he my soft arms,
 Preferr'd to wars alarms,
 My love grown mad, all for my bonny lad,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provoking,
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode fat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again ;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine ;
My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lass was e'er so fine.
 My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee ;
 But oh ! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought ;
 Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

LVI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG IN THE DUENNA.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er cou'd injure you ;
For though your tongue no\ promife claim'd,
Your charms wou'd make me true :
To you no foul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have left
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions use,
And act a brother's part ;
Then lady dread not their deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong :
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet
And lovers in the young.

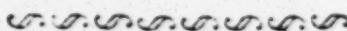
LVII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG IN ARTAXERXES.

WATER, parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile valleys glide.

Though, in search of lost repose,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.



LVIII.

CUPID, GOD OF LOVE..

CUPID, God of Love and Joy,
Wanten rosy winged boy,
Guard her heart from all alarms,
Bring her deck'd in all her charms,
Blushing, panting, to my arms.

All the heaven I ask below,
Is to use the darts and bow,

Could I have them in my pow'rs,
One sweet smiling happy hour,
One sweet woman I'd secure.

She's the first which Venus made,
With her graces full array'd;

When she treads the velvet ground
We feel the zone with which she's bound,
All is paradise around.



LIX.

THE HAPPY MILLER.

HOW happy a slate does a miller possess,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court:
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd the more like a beau:
A clown in his dress may be honest far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

72 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
A palm more polite may as dirtyly deal ;
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal;
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He crips, without scruple, from other mens facks,
Is this a right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags :
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he'd mimic the tools of the state,
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill :
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented doth lye ;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?

LX.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

HOW blest has my time been ! what days have
I known

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jeffy my own !
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

That freedom, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray
Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play ;
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jeffy and me,

And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft-times am I seen
In the revels all day with the nymphs of the green ;
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles,

And meets, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Hereas and good-humour b! com all the year through

K

74 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth,
And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home;
To hold it for life you must find it at home.

LXI.

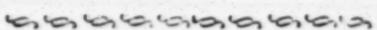
NAN OF THE VALE.

IN a small pleasant village by nature compleat,
Of a few honest Peasants the quiet retreat;
There liv'd a young lass of so lovely a mein,
As seldom at ball or at courts can be seen:
The sweet damask rose was full blown on her cheek;
The lilly display'd all its white on her neck:
The lads of the village all strove to prevail,
And call'd her with rapture, sweet Nan of the Vale.

First poor Hedge spoke his passion till quite out of
breath,
Crying wounds he could hug her and kill her to death.

And Dick with her beauty was so much posseſſ'd,
That he loath'd his food, and abandon'd his rest :
But ſhe could find nothing in them to endear,
So ſent each away with a flea in his ear,
And ſaid no ſuch boobies could tell a love tale,
Or bring to compliance sweet Nan of the Vale.
'Till young Roger the smartest of all the gay green,

Who late on a frolick to London had been ;
Came back much improv'd in his air and address,
And boldly attack'd her, nor fearing ſucces :
He ſaid heav'n form'd ſuch sweet lips to be kiſſ'd,
And preſt'd her ſo cloſe that ſhe could not reſiſt :
He ſhew'd the dull clowns the right way to affaiſl,
And brought to his wiſhes sweet Nan of the Vale.



LXII.

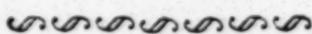
BONNY LASS LIE IN A BARRACK.

O BONNY lass will you lie in a Barrack,
And marry a Soger, and carry his wallet.
Yes I will go and think no more on it,
I'll marry my Harry and carry his wallet :
I'll neither ask leave of my minnie or daddie,
But off and away with my Soger laddie.

76 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

O bonny lass will you go a campaigning,
Will you suffer the hardships of battle and famine,
When fainting and bleeding, O could you draw
near me,
And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me.

O yes I will go through these evils you mention,
And twenty times more if you had the invention;
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor danger alarms me,
While I have my Soldier, my dearest to charm me.



LXIII.

SWEET WILLY, O,

THE pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O,
The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;
The first of all swains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He fung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
He fung it, &c.
He melted each maid,
So skilful he play'd,
No Shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O,

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 77

All nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,

 All nature, &c.

 Wherever he came,

 Whatever had name,

Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a Soldier the sweet Willy O,

 He would, &c.

 When arm'd in the field

 With sword and with shield,

The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

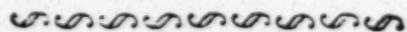
He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O,

 He charm'd &c.

 And when Willy dy'd,

 'Twas nature that figh'd,

To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.



LXIV.

IN INFANCY.

IN Infancy our hopes and fears,

 Were to each other known,

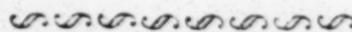
No sordid interest then appears,

Affection rules alone :

73 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

As Friendship ripen'd with our youth,
The fruit was gather'd there,
Bright wisdom and fair blooming truth,
Subsided ev'ry care.

Ah! happy more than happy slate,
Where hearts are twin'd in one,
Yet few (so rigid is our fate,) .
May wear the tender crown,
By one rude touch the roses fall,
And all their beauties fade,
In vain we sigh in vain we call,
Too late is human aid.



LXV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair ;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
My tender grief remove ;
Oh ! send some clearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in the secret friendly shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courtly echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face,
Each rising fear disarms,
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

LXVI.

THE BIRD.

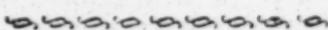
THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the sky,
To nurse the callow brood :
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousands harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
My faithful bosom fires ;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires.

80 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
All similies are vain,
To see how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd
For heav'n and joys divine,
The faint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warin' than mine.
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to say more ;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddess I adore.



LXVII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didst repair,
By green-wood, shaw or fountain ;
Or where the summer's day I'd share,
With you upon yon mountain :
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender ;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.



LXVIII.

THE LINNETS.

A S bringing home the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes
I sang across the mead ;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love,
When Chloris's charms I view'd,

82 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay
To hear my tender tale ;
But all in vain, she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wound which love had made
Came pity to my breast ;
And thus I, as compassion bade,
The feather'd pair address'd :
Ye little warblers chearful be,
Remember not ye flew ;
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am far more caught than you.



LXIX.

S U S A N N A.

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deplored,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows,
She cast a wishful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 83

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

The merchant, rob'd of treasure,
Views tempests with despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ?
Why then, beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

84 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blit with fighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves slooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head—and died.

LXX.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

S TILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her
And confess myself her slave.

LXXI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

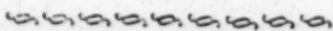
SUNG IN ELIZA.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each night they went saftly to rest,

And they merrily sung through the day:
But ah! what a scene must appear!

Must the sweet rural pastime be o'er?
Shall the tabor no more strike my ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from their pastures be led?
Must the herds go wild straying abroad?
Shall the looms be all stopt in each shed,
And the ships be all moor'd in each road?
Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,
And shall commerce grow sick of the tide?
Must religion expire on the ground,
And shall virtue sink down by her side?



LXXII.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

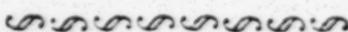
LET rakes and libertines, resign'd
To sensual pleasures, range:

86 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
What most their hearts desire :
With pride my passion I reveal ;
Oh ! may it ne'er expire.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night
When I my dear deceive.



LXXIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THE lark's shrill notes awake the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn ;
The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy Farmer's toil ;
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

LXXIV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

CHORUS.

O ! The days when I was young,
When I laugh'd at fortune's spite,
Talk'd of love all the day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father, Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

O ! the days, &c.

Truth they say lives in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er cou'd see ;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.

O ! the days, &c.

For, when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
But still honest truth I found
At the bottom of each flask.

O ! the days, &c.

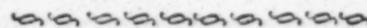
88 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay ;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.

O ! the days, &c.

Yet old Jerome thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire ;
Still beneath thy age's frost,
Glow's a spark of youthful fire.

O ! the days, &c.



LXXV.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

TWAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay ;
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing ;

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 89

Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song ;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adora,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song ;
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away :
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine ;
O hither haste, and with thee bring,
That beauty, blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

LXXVII.

THE INVITATION.

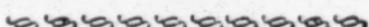
HITHER haste ye nymphs and swains,
 Quit your flocks and quit your plains ;
 Friends to country or to court,
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport,
 Ever welcome to our cheer,
 Welcome every friend that's here.

Sprightly widows come away,
 Laughing dames and virgins gay,
 Little pretty fluttering misses,
 Smiling hopes of future blisses,
 Ever welcome to our feasts,
 Welcome dear delightful guests.

Be it peace, or be it war,
 Both or either I don't care ;
 What my jovial friend have you,
 Or I, with peace or war to do.
 Ever welcome to our cheer,
 Welcome, welcome all friends here.

Comus jesting, music charming,
 Wine inspiring, beauties warming ;

Rage and war and party dies,
Peace returns and discord flies ;
Emblem of the joys above,
Welcome rapture, welcome love.



LXXVII.

H O P E.

A PASTORAL.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep :
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare bells and violets grow,
Where the hare bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear ;
She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young :

I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tendernes fall from her tongue,
 Such tendernes, &c.

But where does my Phillida stray?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.
 But their love is not equal to mine.



LXXVIII.

J A M I E G A Y.

AS Jamie Gay gang'd blithe his way,
 Along the banks of Tweed ;
 A bonny lass, as ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the mead :
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd :
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 93

Dear lassie tell, why by thinesell
Thou haft'ly wand'reit here ?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide ;
Can't tell me laddy where ?
To town I'll hie, he made reply,
Some meikle sport to see ;
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gae'm her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent ;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went ;
The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around ;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r,)
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour :
The bonny lad, row'd in his plaid,
The lass who scorn'd to frown ;
She soon forgot the ewes she fought,
And he to gang to town.

LXXIX.

M A Y - E V E.

SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beams
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding streams,
 And kis's reflected light :
 To courts begone ! heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May.
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouze yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats.
 And hail the maid I love.

At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green:
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay,
Till May, in morning-robe, draws nigh,
And claims a virgin-queen :
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
“ Here's Kate of Aberdeen !”

LXXX.

R E Y N O ' s T O M B.

Tune, BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

AS o'er the mountain's grassy side
Brave Fingal chace'd the flying deer,
One at the tomb of Reyno dy'd ;
The hero paus'd, and wip'd a tear.

He lean'd upon the moss-grown stone,
“ Once foremost in the chase,” he said,

“ Thy sports are ended now, my son !

“ At rest, in the dark house thou’rt laid.

“ Now, when th’ enliv’ning shell goes round,

“ Among the brave in Cromla’s hall,

“ My boy shall there no more be found,

“ Nor answer his old Father’s call !

“ Thy conquests all, alas ! are o’er ;

“ No more thou’lt face the haughty foe ;

“ Nor, when he flies, pursue him more :

“ The strong limb’d warrior is laid low.

“ Thy stone, soon hid amongst the grafs,

“ (Ev’n as the grass remembrance dies,)

“ The feeble, careless o’er shall pass,

“ Nor know that there the mighty lies !”

The hero spoke—and, with a sigh,

Retiring mourn’d the hapless brave,

Who like the mean inglorious lie,

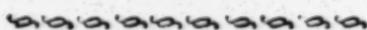
No more remember’d in the grave.

LXXXI.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

Tune, ROSLIN CASTLE.

O ! See that form that faintly gleams,
It's Oscar come to chear my dreams,
On wings of wind he flies away ;
O ! stay my lovely Oscar, stay.
Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line ;
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine :
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.



LXXXII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BY DR ARNE.

HUSH, ye birds, your am'rous tales !
Purling rills, in silence move !
Softly breathe, ye gentle gales !
Lest ye wake my flumb'ring love.
O the joy beyond expression,
That enchanting form to own !
Then, to hear the soft confession,
That her heart is mine alone !

LXXXIII.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

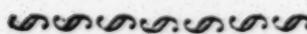
CUPID, God of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part :
 Seize, Oh seize, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall ;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.

Cupid, God of, &c.

What is grandeur ? soe to rest ;
 Childish mummery at best,
 Happy I in humble state !
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

Cupid, God of, &c.



LXXXIV.

THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did fay,
 Will ye gang to yon funny brae,

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 99

Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,

And sport a while wi' Jamie?

Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,

Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,

Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,

For he's tane up wi' Maggy.

For hark, and I will tell you lass,

Did I not see your Jamie pass,

Wi' muckle gladness in his face,

Out o'er the muir to Maggy.

I wat he gae her mony a kiss,

And Maggy took them ne'er amiss:

'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,

That Bess was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kiss I seek,

She turns her head, and throws her cheek,

And for an hour she'll scarcely speak:

Who'd not call her a gawkie?

But sure my Maggy has mair sense,

She'll gi'e a score without offence;

Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,

And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
 But I will never stand for ane
 Or twa, when we do meet again,
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah na, lass, that ne'er can be,
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.



But, whisht, nae mair of this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet ;
 Instead of Meg he kist sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.
 O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 When I came by, your gown's sae new,
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew.
 Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
 Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
 If I should gang another gate,
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

LXXXV.

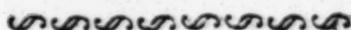
THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN angels! now protect me,
Send, ah! send the youth I love;
Deign, O! Cupid, to direct me,
Lead me to the myrtle-grove:
Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
Say, I love him to despair;
Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wish to live.

'Midst secluded dells I'll wander,
Silent as the shades of night,
Near some bubbling rill's meander,
Where he oft has blest my sight:
There to weep the night away,
There to waste in sighs the day;
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
Deep in some sequester'd vale;
There, with mournful cadence swelling,
Oft' repeat my love-sick tale:

And the lark and philomel
 Oft' shall hear a virgin tell,
 What's the pain to bid adieu
 To joy, to happiness, and you !



LXXXVI.

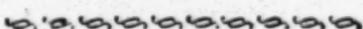
FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I 'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its carefless,
 But now 'tis fled, —— fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay,
 Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air
 perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd and wedded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in funny beams,
 Grow drearily and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?
O why still perp' ex us, poor sons of a day ?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your
frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the forest are withered away.



LXXXVII.

T H E W I S H.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to
be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost ;
When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost ;
While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow ;

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And send forth their breath like a stream ;
And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
Fleaks of ice which she finds in her cream :
When the sweet country maidens as fresh as the rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides,

104 The CHEARFUL COMPANION

And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,
As with silence they rest on the spray,
And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the wood,
Left her footsteps her cause should betray.
When the lads and the lasses in company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat.

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
Whilst the icicles hang from the eves of my coat,
I may thither in safety retire.
Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
We may live, and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

LXXXVIII.

T H E C A L M.

Tune, GILDEROY.

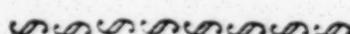
A H me ! how heavy and how slow,
Does the dull vessel move !
Blow, blow ye gentle breezes, blow,
And bear me to my love.
Absent from her my soul esteems
'Bove all on earth that's dear,
How long each tedious minute seems
That keeps me ling'ring here !

Blow, blow ye gentle breezes, then,
That curl the waving sea,
O blow, and bear me home again,
To her so dear to me.
Alas ! nor blows the fresh'ning gales,
Nor curls the waving sea ;
Anxious I view the slack'ned sails,
My Delia's far from me !

When shall we, Delia, meet again ?
The thought my bosom warms :
Blow fresher yet ye breezes then,
And bear me to her arms.



But tedious though my time now move,
 Yet when again we meet,
 Delia, with smiles, will crown my love,
 And make my joy complete.



XC.

SHAKESPEAR's MULBERRY-TREE.

SUNG BY DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

WITH A CUP IN HIS HAND MADE OF THE TREE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
 the tree,

Which, O my sweet Shakespear was planted by thee:
 As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,

What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree !

Bend to thee,

Blest Mulberry !

Matchless was he who planted thee ;

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
 Who spread round their branches, whose heads
 sweep the sky ;

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 107

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives, at prices so dear.

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast :
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that
fight,

While one, only one, like our Shakespear can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers,
The garden of Shakespear all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge, the wellletter'd birch,
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church ;
But law and the gospel in Shakespear we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree :

Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.

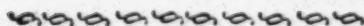
All shall yield, &c.

The genius of Shakespear outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then take each a relic of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be :
Fill, fill to the Planter, the cup to the brim ;
To honour the country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.



XCI.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

LEAVE gay ones and great,
make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
Well, who cares a jot ?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light ;
The blisses I find,
No strings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.



XCH.

GALLANT SAILOR.

G ALLANT sailor oft' you told me
That you'd never leave your love ;
To your vows I now must hold you,
Now's the time your love to prove.

Is not Britain's flag degraded ?
Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet ?
Can a sailor live upbraided,
When the French have dar'd to meet ?

Hear me gallant sailor, hear me,
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too ; be not near me,
I may weep, but you must go.

110 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Though this flow'ry season woos you
To the peaceful sports of May,
And love sighs so long to lose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Britain's son's can never fail her,
While her daughters prove so true ;
Your soft courage fires each sailor ;
We love honour loving you.

War and danger now invite us,
Blow, ye winds ! auspicious blow ;
Ev'ry gale shall most delight us
That shall waft us to your foe.

XCIII.

QUEEN OF THE MEADOWS.

COME, Amanda, charming creature !
Hear the woodland warblers sing,
While each forward nymph of nature
Now is pregnant with the spring ;
Haste to view the dawning blushes,
On dame Flora's infants seen,
All beneath the blooming bushes,
Swaddled in their mantles green.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 111

Rise, fair damsel, with Aurora,
Rise and see their early pride ;
Visit Flora's offspring — Flora
Will repay you when a bride . . .
Will return it, by pourtraying
On your children's faces fair
Such soft tinges, sweet displaying
Ev'ry rose and lily there.

Let us lose the day in sporting
O'er the verdant carpets gay,
Till the nightingale sits courting
Midnight list'ners to his lay :
Homeward then, our steps befriending,
Our kind stars will lead each ray,
With the moons, or else attending
Glow-worms light the hedge-row way.

Ev'ry rural charm is wasted ;
Dull is ev'ry landskip round ;
Spring itself remains untaasted,
Till the Meadow's Queen is crown'd.
Ev'ry grace attends about you ;
All things sweet compose thy train :
All is anarchy without you—
Haste, and bles us with thy reign.

XCIV.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the
ky at hame,
And a' the waird to sleep are gane ;
The waes of my heart fa's in shou'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies found by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he sought me
for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside ;
To mak' that crown a pound, my Jemmy gade to
sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was
strown awa' ;
My father brak' his arm, and my Jemmy at the sea,
And auld Robin Grey came a-courtin' me.

My father coudna work, and my mither coudna'
spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna'
win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, Jenny for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it faid na, I look'd for Jemmy back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck,
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die ?
And why do I live to say waes me ?

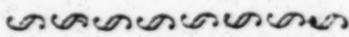
Auld Robin argu'd fair, tho' my mither didna
speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break,
So they gie'd him my hand, though my heart was
in the sea,
And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jemmy's wreath for I coudna think it he,
'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselvess away :

I wish I were dead ? but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say wae's me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin ;
I darena think on Jemmy, for that wou'd be a sin :
But I'll do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.



XCV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BY MR GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board ;
Oh ! where shall I my true love find ;
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew ?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her nest :
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet..

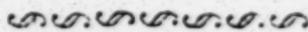
O ! Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again :
Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell, the sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white :
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 'Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return :
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The fails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head ;
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.



XCVI.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid :
 Would you hurt a harmless maid ?
 Lead an innocent astray ?
 Tempt me not kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe ;
 And shou'd you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

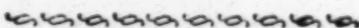
XCVII.

A SOLDIER'S SONG..

HOW stands the glafs around,
For shame ye take no care my boys,
How stands the Glafs around,
Let mirth and wine abound ;
The trumpets sound,
The Colours they are flying boys.
To fight, kill or wound,
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, Soldiers, why,
Shou'd we be melancholy, boys.—
Why, Soldiers why---
Whose bus'ness 'tis to die !
What---Sighing, fie ?
Damn Fear, drink on, be jolly boys,
'Tis He, you or I !
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow boys,
And scorn to fly...

'Tis but in vain,---
 I mean not to upraid ye, boys,
 'Tis but in vain
 For Soldiers to complain---
 Shou'd next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from Pain !---
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind Landlady
 Cure all again.



XCVIII.

P A S T O R A.

TUNE TWEEDSIDE.

TWAS in that gay time of the year,
 When flowers enamel the green ;
 And birds with sweet notes glad the ear,
 And flocks in gay pastures are seen.
 Where Flora's fair favourites sprung,
 A shepherd responding reclin'd,
 And while of his love thus he sung,
 A myrtle sustain'd him behind.

Pastora ! oh ! where art thou fled ?

Pastora ! thou beauteous maid !

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 119

Thy face was with graces o'erspread,
Thy looks were in-sweetness array'd.
Go mourn all ye woods, groves, and bow'rs,
Ye riv'lets and fountains lament !
Forfake the sad green, O ye flow'rs,
Or, at least, for a time lose your scent !

Ye shepherds to sorrow incline !
Ye sweet feather'd songsters don't sing ;
Let Phœbus forget now to shine,
And winter with sadness swift bring.
Ye nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
With sadness your faces o'erspread,
Let nothing but sadness remain,
For oh !--- my Pastora is---dead !

Sure Nature her aim wrong did take,
An angel she sure was design'd ;
And Fate, to correct the mistake,
To form her immortal inclin'd.
O ! let me once more speak her name ;
Pastora ! accept my last sigh !
To bliss in this world you came ;
And blest'd by your favour, I---die.

XCIX.

THE SURPRISE.

THE tither morn, when I forlorn,
 Aneath an Aik fat moaning,
 I didna trow, I'd see my joe,
 Beside me gin the glowming ;
 But he fu trig, lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me,
 When I, whatreck, did least expect
 To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
 Cock'd spruce when firſt he clasp'd me ;
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he pres'd me.
 De'il tak' the war ! I late and air
 Ha'e wish'd ſince Jock departed ;
 But now as glad, I'm wi' my lad,
 As ſhort fyne broken hearted.

Fu' aft' at e'en, wi' dancing keen,
 When 'a were blyth and merry,
 I car'dna by, fae sad was I,
 In absence o' my dearie :

But praise be blest, my mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johny,
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there ;
And be as canty's ony.



C.

FAIR SUSANNA.

A SK if yon damask rose be sweet,
That scents the ambient air ;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Sufanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
And warble thro' the grove ?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine ;
Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Sufanna mine.



CL.

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMAN.

A Way to the field, see the morning looks grey,
 And, sweetly bedappled forebodes a fine day:
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

C H O R U S.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
 And join with the jovial crew,
 While the season invites, with all its delights,
 The health giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns,
 To welcome the sun now returning from rest,
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.

Then hark, &c.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills,
 To start, just as Phœbus peeps over the hills ;
 While joyous, from valley to valley resounds
 The shouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.

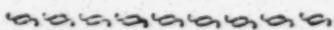
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges or ditches, or tops the barr'd gate :
Borne by their bold coursers, no dangers they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down :
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth ;
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then hark, &c.



CII.

T A L L Y H O.

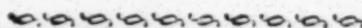
Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field, &c.
Mankind though they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield, &c.
His Lordship, his Worship, his Honour, his Grace,
A hunting continually go.
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

All ranks, &c.

124 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

The Lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;
The Husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the Commons full speed ;
The Patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game ;
The poet too often lies low,
Who mounted on Pegasus flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.
Who mounted, &c.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
Tho' Prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they modesty's bounds overleap,
And the fences of virtue break down :
Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.
All ranks, &c.



CIII.

C O L I N.

SINCE Colin appear'd on these plains,
The nymphs are most happy and gay ;

His presence enlightens the year,
And Winter is pleasing as May.

Though he lives the delight of the Fair,
No envy their bosoms alarm ;
His politeness so flutters them all,
Each fancies 'tis she that can charm.

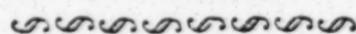
But 'tis I, tho' I'm friendless and poor,
That he says is the choice of his heart,
And I surely will trust in a swain,
Who never descended to art.

I speak of the Belles of the town,
And I tell him how handsome they be ;
But 'tis goodness that Colin admires,
And he hopes he shall find it in me.

How much to the shepherd I owe,
Each action of life shall impart !
It shall speak in each glance of my eye,
Whilst it lives in each wish of my heart.

I'll rise with the earliest dawn,
And neatly my cottage I'll trim ;
In summer how fragrant and gay !
In winter, so neat and so clean.

But if Colin shou'd ever be false,
 Let him sigh, as he thinks on my lays,
 And wish he had valu'd the maid
 Who to cheer him, cou'd sing in his praise.



CIV.

ADVICE TO A SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD, seek not wealth nor pow'r,
 Let the fragrant woodbine bow' ;
 Let the hills, and vales, and trees,
 And the lonely cottage please ;
 Can the gaudy, gilded room,
 Vie with fields in vernal bloom ?
 Can Italian airs excel,
 Sweet melodious Philomel ?

Can the idle arts of dress,
 Grace the lovely Shepherdess ?
 Happier she in mean attire,
 Than the daughters of the squire !
 Midst the city's tempting glare,
 Dwells disease, and strife, and care :
 Quit not then the rural fold,
 Nor exchange thy peace with gold.

CV.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'TWAS summer, and softly the breezes were
blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river ;
Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever ;
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

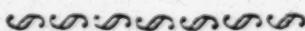
But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;
And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, helpless youth ! o'er the rude roaring
billows ;
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore
him ;

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er
him

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
While I with my Jamie are carelessly straying
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.



CVI.

RURAL CONTENTMENT:

A SEQUEL TO THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

Tune, O Bonny Lass will you lye in a Barrack.

I Sat on a bank by the side of a river,
I thought my dear Jamie had left me for ever,
But while I sat pensively sighing and mourning
Ah! who should I see, but my Jamie returning.

I straight ran to meet him, I threw my arms round
him,
Still charming, still kind, still constant, I found
him;

With ardor he press'd me, ah! who could oppose
him,
While thus I reveal'd the warm wish of my bosom.

"O stay my dear Jamie thy follies give over,
No more leave these plains, be no longer a rover,
No more seek for glory, where cannons loud rattle,
Nor leave my fond arms for the sound of a battle.

For peace in a cottage and pastoral pleasure,
Where love trips with joy, in some frolicksome
measure,
Believe me, my Jamie are far more enticing,
Than war's empty pomp which you've always been
prizing."

My Jamie smil'd sweetly, the linets and thrushes,
Who chanted their songs from the jessamine bushes,
The groves and the plains were so gay, so inviting,
They made him forget his ambition for fighting.

He said he would love me, and never would leave me,
He gave me his hand that he ne'er would deceive me,
He swore he'd no more show his foes his resentment,
But live with his Annie in rural contentment.

CVII.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts fae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, wha loes nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn ?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin :
 It is fae bare and overworn,
 A cricke he thereon cannot rin :
 Then Ill nae langer borrow nor lend,
 For ance I'll new apparel'd be,
 To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
 For I'll hae a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;

Get up goodman, it is fu' time,
The fun shines in the lift sae hie :
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloake
When it was fitting for my wear ;
But now its scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year ;
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die ;
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost him half-a-crown .
He said they were a great o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown ;
He was the King that wore the crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' our country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;

I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly?
 While I sit hunkling in the ase,
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis threty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had between us twa,
 O' lads and bonny lasses ten;
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nee strife;
 But she wad guide me if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft mann yield, though I'm goodman;
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e them a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

CVIII.

TULLOCHGORUM.

COME, gie's a sang, the lady cry'd
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them ;
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their whippmegmorum :
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To spend this night in mirth and g'lee,
And chearsfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite ;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry, we's be a',
To make a clearfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry, we's be a',
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,

And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o' em ;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie ;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum ;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their Allegroes, and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

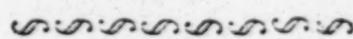
Let warldly minds themselves oppreis
 Wi' fear of want, and double cefs ;
 And silly fauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum :
 Shall we fae four and sulky fit,
 Sour and sulky, four and sulky ;
 Shall we fae four and sulky fit,
 Like auld Philosoporum ?
 Shall we fae four and sulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit ?

And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty ;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o'em !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot ;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten foul,
And blackest fiends devour him !
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him !
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,

Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Fallochgorum.

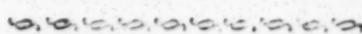


CIX.

THE EGYPTIAN LOVE SONG.

SWEET doth blush the rosy morning,
Sweet doth beam the glinting dew ;
Sweeter still the day adorning,
Thy dear smiles transfix my view.
Midst the blossom's fragrance flowing,
Why delights the honey'd bee ?
Sweeter breathes thyself beslowing
One kind kiss on me, on me.

One kind kiss, &c.



CX.

THE CYPRESS GROVE.

BENEATHI a cypress grove,
Young Strephon sought relief ;
The flow'rs around his head,
Pin'd conscious of his grief ;

Fond foolish wretch he cry'd,
I love, and yet despair ;
Pursue, though still deny'd,
By the too cruel fair.

The courtier asks a place,
The sailor tempts the sea,
The Miser begs increase,
Love only governs me :
Nor honour, wealth, nor fame,
Can like soft transport move,
On earth 'tis bliss supreme,
And heaven is but to love.

CXI.

W I N T E R.

A DIEU ye groves, adieu ye plains !
All nature mourning lies !
See, gloomy clouds and thick'ning rains,
Obscure the lab'ring skies !
See, from afar thi' impending storm
With sullen haste appear !
See, winter comes, a dreary form
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd fight ;

No more the gay enamel'd ground,
Or sylvan scenes delight.

Thus, lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid ;

Thy early charms must fail ;

Thy rose must droop, thy lily fade,
And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, (sweet bird of day)

May rise on active wing ;

Again the sportive herds may play ;

And hail reviving spring.

But youth, (my fair) sees no return,

The pleasing bubble's o'er,

In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,

They fall to bloom no more.

Haste then dear girl the time improve,

Which art can ne'er regain :

In blissful scenes of mutual love,

With some distinguish'd swain ;

So shall life spring like jocund May,

Pasts smiling and serene,

Thus summer, autumn, glide away,

And winter soon prevail.

CXII.

THE WEEPING FAIR.

O Youth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine posseſſ'd.
The morning bud that faireſt blows ;
The vernal oak that straightest grows ;
His face and ſhape express'd.

His face, &c.

In moving founds he told his tale,
Soft as the fighing of the gale,
That wakes the flow'ry year :
What wonder he could charm with eafe,
Whom happy nature form'd to please,
Whom honour made ſincere.

Whom honour, &c.

At morn he left me, fought and fell :
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And ſaw the tears I ſhed !
Tears that muſt ever, ever fall,
For ah ! no ſighs the paſt recal,
No cries awake the dead.

No cries, &c.

CXIX.

FALSE PHILANDER.

FAREWEL thou false Philander,
 Since now from me you rove,
And leave me here to wander ;
No more to think of love.
I must for ever languish ;
I must for ever mourn ;
From love I now am banish'd,
And shall no more return.

Farewel deceitful traitor ;
 Farewel thou perjur'd swain ;
Let never injur'd creature,
Believe your vows again :
The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain ;
For now the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.

CXX.

THE ENVIOUS FAIR APPEAS'D.

WHY knits my fair her angry brow ?
What rude offence alarms you now ?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equal'd you ?
Can't I another's face commend ?
Or to her virtues be a friend ?
But instantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit lessen'd yours.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs ;
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs ;
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetnes with the rose ;
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such sweetnes on the sight ;
Yet folly is it to declare
That these are neither sweet nor fair.

When Zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along their air convey ;
Shaa't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale :

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field ;
 Sweet is the sinell the blossoms yield ;
 Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
 And sweet though sweeter you the rose.



CXXI.

THE KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu !
 Though you severe my fond heart,
 'Till we meet shall pant for you.

'Till we meet, &c.

Yet, yet, weep not so my love,
 Let me kiss that falling tear !
 Though my body must remove,
 All my foul must still be here.

All my soul, &c.

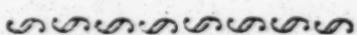
All my soul and all my heart,
 Every wish shall pant for you ;
 One kind kiss then e'er we part,
 Drop a tear and bid adieu.

Drop a tear, &c.

CXXII.

FAIR DAPHNE.

HOW sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound
and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn ;
But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue ;
For Daphne, Fair Daphne is lost to my view,
She's lost, fair Daphne is lost to my view.
Assist me chaste Dian the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck and wing'd with disdain ;
In pity o'er take her who wounds as she flies ;
Though Daphne's pursu'd 'tis Myrtillo that dies.
That dies ! &c.



CXXIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

HOW imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart ;
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart :
When our bosoms all complaining
With delicious tumults swell,

144 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Speak what trembling, fault'ring, dying ;
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror
Quite expressive paints my cheek ;
Ask no more, behold your error,
Blushes eloquently speak :
What though silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air ;
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what you's have written there.

Ah ! that you could once conceive me,
Once my soul's strong feelings view ;
Love has nought more sweet, believe me ;
Friendship nothing half so true ;
From you I am wild, despairing ;
With you speechleſs as I touch ;
This is all that bears declar ing,
And perhaps declares too much.

CXXIV.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
But O, they're vain and idly gawdy !

How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie !

C H O R U S.

O my bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lads, and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Fae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.
T

A painted room and silken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kifs and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.

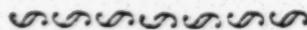
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pafs,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my highland laddie.

O my bonny, &c.



CXXV.

M Y R T I L L A.

'SUNG AT RANELAGH.

YE cheerful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,

To rose or jasmin bow'r?

To rose or jasmin bow'r?

Where does she seek the woodbine shade?

For sure ye know the blooming maid,

Sweet as the May-born flow'r,

Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose

Join'd with the lily as it grows,

Where each in sweetnes vie,

Where each in sweetnes vie;

Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,

When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,

Health sparkles in her eye.

Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,

That warbles chearful on the spray,

To hail the vernal beam,

To hail the vernal beam.

Her heart is blither than her song;

Her passions gently move along,

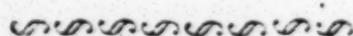
Like the smooth-gliding stream,

Like the smooth-gliding stream.

CXXVI.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

GENTLE Youth, ah! tell me why,
 Still you force me thus to fly?
 Cease, oh! cease to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear;
 To my heart its ease restore,
 Go and never see me more.



CXXVII.

A FAVOURITE DUET.

SEE! the conquering hero comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring;
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the god-like youth advance,
 Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;
 Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

CXXVIII.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn ;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,—The hounds, &c.
The huntsman winds his horn.

C H O R U S.

And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go,---oho, oho, oho,
A hunting we will go,---o-oho,
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay ;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,---
My dear, &c.
You cannot hunt to-day.

Yet a hunting, &c.

Away they fly to scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch ;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out.---
Some are thrown in, &c.
And some thrown in the ditch.

Yet a hunting, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,

Poor reynard ceaseth flight ;

Then weary homeward we return,

Then weary, &c.

And drink away the night.

And a drinking, &c.



CXXIX.

THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

BETTY, early gone a-maying,
Met her lover, WILLIE, straying ;
Drift or chance no matter whether ;
Thus, we know, he reason'd with her :
Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing !
See how every bush discovers
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers !

See the op'ning blushing roses
Each it's secret charms discloses !
Sweet's the time, ah ! short's the measure ;
O their fleeting haly pleasure !

Quickly we must snatch the favour
Of their soft and fragrant flavour :
They bloom to-day ; they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my BESS, will leave no traces
Of those beauties, of those graces :
Youth and love forbid our staying ;
Love and youth abhor delaying.
Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me ;
Let your pride no more deny me :
Never doubt your faithful WILLIE ;
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

CXXX.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

YE Monsieurs of France, and ye Dons of proud
Spain,
Take heed, or you'll get a good drubbing again ;
We often have beat you most soundly of yore,
And my word for't, we'll meet you, and beat you
once more.

C H O R U S .

Encore, Encore, Encore !
 And my word for't, we'll meet you, and beat
 you once more.

Our soldiers and sailors are equally free,
 To face you by land, or to face you by sea ;
And should you be tempted to brave Britain's shore,
 My word for't, they'll meet you, and beat you
 once more.

Encore, Encore, &c.

Our Ships, are still built of the same British Oak,
 And since British hearts you are leagu'd to provoke,
 You'll find them the same, that you've oft done
 before,

For they pant but to meet you, to beat you once
 more.

Encore, Encore, &c.

No true Son of Neptune will flinch from his gun,
 No bold Son of Mars will you ever see run ;
 In Purse little rich, tho' in Spirit not poor,
 They wish but to meet you, and beat you once
 more.

Encore, Encore, &c.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 153

The Dollars of Spain too, are neat pretty things,
And will furnish our sweethearts with ribbons and
rings;

Nay stake but ye Frenchmen, one small Louis D'or,
E'en for that we will fight you and beat you once
more.

Encore, Encore, &c.

'Tis freedom, blest freedom that points all our darts,
That nerves all our hands, and that steels all our
hearts;

For that we would die a thousand times o'er,
We're not better to live, and to beat you once more.

Encore, Encore, &c.

From George to usurp the command of the main,
Believe me, false Bourbon, the effort is vain;
Your madness desert, and his goodness implore
Lest we beat you still worse, than we e'er did before.

Encore, Encore, &c.

U

CXXXI.

DAMON AND LAURA,

D A M O N .

C ONTENTED all day I will sit by your side,
 Where poplars far-stretching, o'er-arch the
 cool tide ;
 And while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.
 The thrush, &c.

L A U R A .

While you are but by me no danger I fear,
 Ye lambs rest in safety my Damon is near,
 Play on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
 please
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease,
 For my shepherd is kind, &c.

D A M O N .

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay,
 Ne'er yield to the swain, till he make you his wife,
 For he who loves truly will take her for life.
 For he who loves, &c.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the
fair,

'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;

Then scorn to their vain affiance to lend,

Nor betray the sweet creature you're born to de-
fend.

Nor betray, &c.

BOTH.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd,
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found:
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age what they've gain'd in their
youth.

To preserve, &c.

CXXXII.

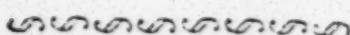
C E L I A.

A LAS! when charming Celia's gone,
I sigh, and think myself undone;
But when the lovely nymph is here,

I'm pleas'd, yet griev'd, I hope, yet fear:
Thoughtless of all, but her, I rove;
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me ! What Powers can move me so ?
 I die with grief when she must go,
 But I revive at her return,
 I pant, I freeze, I sigh I burn ;
 Transport so strange, so sweet, so new,
 Say can this be to friendship due ?

Ah no 'tis Love, 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel, the pleasant pain ;
 For who e'er saw bright Celia's eyes,
 But wish'd and long'd to be their prize ?
 Gods ! if the truest must be bless'd,
 Oh ! let her be by me posses'd.



CXXXIII.

M U T U A L L O V E .

WHENE'ER I meet my Celia's eyes,
 Sweet raptures in my bosom rise,
 My feet forget to move :
 She too reclines her lovely head,
 Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are spread :
 Sure, this is mutual love !

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 157

My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,
When'er I steal a tender kiss,
Beneath the silent grove :
She strives to frown and puts me by :
Yet anger dwells not in her eye.
Sure this is mutual love !

And once, oh, once ! the dearest maid,
As on her breast my hand was laid :
Some secret impulse drove :
Me, me, her gentle arms caref's'd,
And to her bosom closely presi'd ;
Sure this was mutual love !

Transported with her blooming charms,
A soft desire my bosom warms,
Forbidden joys to prove :
Trembling, for fear she should comply,
She from my arms prepares to fly,
Though warm'd with mutual love !

Oh ! stay, I cry'd---Let Hymen's bands
This moment tye our willing hands,
And all thy fears remove.
She blush'd consent, her fears suppress'd :
And now we live supremely bleſſ'd,
A life of mutual love.

CXXXIV.

A B S E N C E.

TUNE---MY APRON DEARIE.

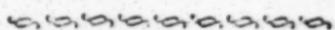
AH Chloe! thou treasure, thou joy of my
breast,

Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;
I fly to the grove there to languish and mourn,
There to sigh for my charmer and long to return;
The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
But they smile all in vain, my Chloe's away,
The field and the grove can afford me no ease,
But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see, yet my bosom alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, though glowing with
charms;
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye:
These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.
These looks where bright love like the sun sits en-
thron'd,
And smiling diffuses his influence around;
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd
Thus gaz'd I with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,

It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night ;
But now by hard fortune, remov'd from my fair,
In secret I languish, a prey to despair ;
But absence and torment abate not my flame,
My Chloe's still charming. my passion the same ;
Oh ! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, for I would be blest.



CXXXV.

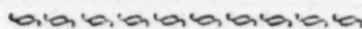
P H I L L I D A.

COME all ye shepherds of the plain,
Come every nymph and every swain,
Leave all your work and haife away,
For Damon weds his Phillida ;
Let mirth and pleasure then go round,
Let every heart with Joy abound,
And we'll be merry, brisk and gay,
For Damon weds his Phillida.

The swains shall pipe in pleasing strains,
The nymphs shall dance blithe o'er the plains,

In honour of the happy day
 That Damon weds his Phillida :
 No melancholy shall be seen,
 All shall be happy on the green,
 For we'll cast all our cares away,
 When Damon weds his Phillida.

The rose and lily we'll entwine,
 And every pleasing flower we'll join,
 And make a chaplet fair and gay,
 To deck the lovely Phillida.
 Beneath their feet we flowers will strew,
 And garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
 And all to grace the wedding-day
 Of Damon and his Phillida.



CXXXVI.

THE HERMIT.

By DR BEATIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is
 still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And o'er it bits the nightingale's song in the
 grove :

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 161

'Twas then by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began ;
Though mournful his numbers, his soul was re-
sign'd,

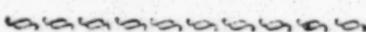
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah ! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe ?
Why thus lovely Philomel flows thy sad strain ?
For spring shall return and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain :
Yet if pity inspire thee, Oh ! cease not the lay,
Mourn sweet complainer, man calls thee to
mourn ;
Oh ! sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays ;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in their
blaze ;
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again ;
But man's faded glory no change shall renew,
Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,
I mourn, but ye woodlands I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with
dew :

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?
Oh ! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?



CXXXVII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine ;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's urn.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair ?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair ;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass ?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart ;

The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens, well-pleas'd, from her shed ;
While age, in an extasy, hobbling along,
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's board,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board ;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

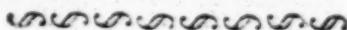


CXXXVIII.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

LET masonry from pole to pole,
Her sacred laws expand ;
Far as the mighty waters roll,
To wash remotest land !
That virtue has not left mankind,
Her social maxims prove ;
For stamp'd upon the mason's mind
Are unity and love.

Ascending to her native sky,
 Let Masonry increase ;
 A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
 Integrity its base.
 Peace adds to olive-boughs entwin'd
 An emblematic dove ;
 As stamp'd upon the mason's mind
 Are unity and love.



CXXXIX.

SONG IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

FOR various purpose serves, the fan,
 As thus—a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
 Reckon'th in the snap ;
 A flirt expresses strong disdain ;
 Consent, a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art,

And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.



CXL.

SONG IN THE WEDDING RING.

WHEN first the youth his fears forsook,
And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
What sweetness was in ev'ry look,
What eloquence in ev'ry word !

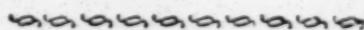
From her whole store, to make me blest,
Did fortune bid me choose ;
How gladly would I all the rest
For love, and him, refuse.

CXLI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face.
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
 Honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.



CXLII.

YOUNG COLIN.

TO court me young Colin came many a mile,
 And oft by my side he has set,
 His meaning I often requested to know,
 And wonder'd what he wou'd be at :
 To gain me he said many pretty soft things,
 Describing the height of his passion ;
 When often I've bid him to hold his fool's tongue,
 Though faith, 'twas against inclination.

I could not help laughing sometimes I declare,
He swore he'd love beyond measure;
He'd kiss me, and,—sighing,—he'd kiss me again,
And said I was his whole pleasure;
When I bid him forbear,—my heart it said—no,
'Twas not in my pow'r to deny
And when he requested if I'd be his wife
That moment—I thought I should—die.

The girl that says no, never meant it as so,
Though seemingly prudish or fly,
She may say what she will,—but cannot disown
That no—the word—yes does imply.
Of times as he walk'd he wou'd tell a love tale,
And vow that for me he shou'd die;
But rather than such a mischance should e'er hap
I thought I'd much better comply.

My heart all the time, how it play'd pit-a-pat
The minute he urg'd his request,
And if to be teiz'd—I thought any more,
It wou'd to the purpose—be best.
To the church in the village next morning he went,
All nonsense being over and done,
The priest at the altar united our hands,
And Colin and I were made one.

CXLIII.

SEE YOUR COUNTRY RIGHTED.

COME ye lads who wish to shine
 Bright in future story,
 Haste to arms and form the line
 That leads to martial glory;

CHORUS.

Charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers,
 Tell the blustering sons of France
 That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rouz'd,
 And her flag is rearing,
 Always finds her sons dispos'd
 To drub the foe that's daring,
 Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak with speed advance,
 Pour your naval thunder
 On the trembling shores of France,
 And strike the world with wonder,
 Charge the musket, &c.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 169

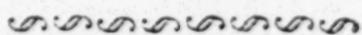
Honour for the brave to share
Is the noblest booty ;
Guard your coasts, protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty.

Charge the musket, &c.

What if Spain to take their parts,
Form a base alliance,
All unite, and British hearts
May bid the world defiance ;

C H O R U S.

Beat the drum the trumpet sound
Manly and united ;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted.



CXLIV.

Y O U N G J A M I E.

B LITHEST lads and lasses gay,
Hear what my song discloses ;
As I one morning sleeping lay
Upon a bank of roses,

Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me ;
 He touch'd his bonnet off his head,
 And softly sat down by me.

Jamie though I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him,
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strove away to send him.
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart did thump so fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolveng to deny,
 And angry passion feigning,
 I often roughly shet him by,
 With wordz full of disdaining.
 Poor Jamie baulk'd, no favour wins,
 Went off much discontented,
 But I in truth for all my sins
 Ne'er half so much repented.

CXLV.

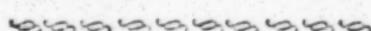
TWO STRINGS TO ONE's BOW.

THO' by Celin I now am forsaken,
No willow my temples shall bind ;
Tho' in one I by chance am mistaken,
Another I hope will prove kind :
Young Colin would leave me in sorrow,
Yet this I would have him to know,
From him this good maxim I borrow,
'Tis best to have two strings to one's bow.

I own his bright eyes were my pleasure,
When love from their beams smil'd on me ;
I own he was once all my treasure,
But I'll be as fickle as he.
Young Damon can cure all my sorrow,
And this I wou'd have you to know,
From the men this good maxim I borrow,
They've always two strings to their bow.

Learn ladies to scorn the false rovers,
Who shun you because you are true ;
Prove constant and kind to your lovers,
Only while they prove constant to you ;

For a false one 'tis folly to languish ;
 Then attend to my counsel and know,
 To avoid all such pining and anguish,
 I make sure of two strings to my bow.



CXLVI.

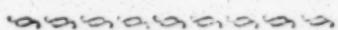
THE CONTENTED MILLER.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
 With a mill, and some meadows—(a freehold
 estate)
 A well-meaning Miller by labour supplies
 Those blessings that nature to grand ones denies;
 No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
 His constant companions are health and content;
 Their lordships in lace may take note if they will,
 For he's honest—though daub'd with the dust of his
 mill.

Ere the lark's early carol salutes the new day,
 He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May;
 He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair :
 While courtiers are toil'd in the cobweb of state,
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great ;

No fraud, nor ambition, his bosom doth fill,
Contented he works if there's grit for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant, or to pray ;
Sits down to a dinner of plain English food ;
And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good.
At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John ;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
No monarch's more blest than the man of the mill.



CXLVII.

ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat ?
What verse be found to praise my Annie ?
On her ten thousand graces wait,
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trod the happy plain,
She set each youthfu' heart on fire ;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,

Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 A' day the am'rous youths conveen,
 Joyous they sport and play before her ;
 A' night, when the nae mair is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Amang the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lo'st, he low'd to Annie ;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wiles many.
 Wi' smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, Why should I deceive ye ?
 Alas ! your love maun be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, and smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He staw awa' my virgin-heart ;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plains the nymphs are many ;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

CXLVIII.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

PHOEBUS, meaner themes disdaining,
To the lyrist's call repair ;
And the rings to rapture straining,
Come and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs, throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to spare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
'Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth and merit,
Which the sons of art prepare,
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as passion ;
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favour'd by the British Fair.

CXLIX.

SONG IN THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment!
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it bethwounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known:
 But, oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyestelleachotherwhat neither dare name!

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are the charms!
 How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

CL.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—ROS LIN CASTLE.

FROM Roslin castle's echoing walls
Refounds my shepherd's ardent calls,
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love display,
I yield —— nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and blefs my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleasing flame I feel,
My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
And echoes back in love again ;
Where lurks my songster ? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love ?
O bring me to the happy bow'r,
Where mutual love may bliss secure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
Repeating, as it flies along,

To Colin's ear my strain convey,
 And say, I haste to come away.
 Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale ;
 In whispers all my soul expres,
 And tell, I haste his arms to bleſs.



CLI.

THE GOLDFINCH TO CHLOE.

RECITATIVE.

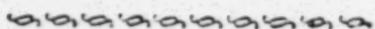
TO Handel's pleasing notes as Chloe sung
 The charms of heav'nly liberty,
 A gentle bird till then with bondage pleas'd,
 With ardour panted to be free ;
 His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain ;
 Yet e'er he flies, tunes forth this parting strain.

A R.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,
 Nor wait the slow return of spring,
 Rather in leafless groves to dwell
 Than in my Chloe's warmer cell,
 Forgive me, mistress, since by thee
 I first was taught sweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome spring shall clear,
With genial warmth the drooping year,
I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,
Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay.
And in my prison learn'd from thee
To warble forth sweet liberty.

Waile not on me an useleſs care,
That kind concern let Strephon share :
Slight are my ſorrows, flight my ill's,
To thofe which he, poor captive ; feels.
Who kept in hopeleſs bonds by thee,
Yet ſtrives not for his liberty.



CLII.

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

RECALL'D from the brink of despair,
As light as a feather my mind ;
Diffolv'd in the winds all my care,
Now Phillis has vow'd to be kind.

As blithſome and chearful as May,
Together we range o'er the green ;

Her beauties I pipe all the day,
All night I embrace with my Queen.

Such innocent fondness ye swains,
The great ones are strangers unto ;
And kings (for we live on the plaines)
But rarely such happiness know.

If daisies I pluck for her hair,
Or bil-berries bring from the rocks ;
She smiles---a reward---the sweet fair,
And welcomes me back to the flock.

A wreath now my charmer has wove,
Of myrtles, and woodbines, and Lays ;
(Fond token of conjugal love)
And "take it, my shepherd" she says.

As muse, she engages my song,
My hours now are happily spent ;
The thoughts I'm envy'd among,
But care not, am wed to Content.

CLIII.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

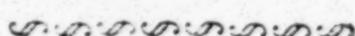
WHEN first the East begins to dawn,
And nature's beauties rise,
The lark assumes her mornin' sweet,
And seeks the yielding skies :
The rosy light that glads her mule,
Dear to her breast must be ;
But not so dear, my shepherd Laow.,.
As Damon is to me.

In yonder tree two turtles bill,
Whose sweet alternate notes,
In pretty songs of love prolong
The music in their throats :
Dear to the lover's flatt'ring bresl.,
The fair one's note must be,
But not so dear the thoufandth part
As Damon is to me.

A mourning bird in plaintive mood,
Robb'd of her callow young,
In yonder grove observ'd her nest,
And still her woes she fung :

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No feather'd warbler of the wood
More sorrowful could be ;
But I far greater woe must share
Were Damon torn from me.



CLIV.

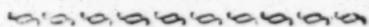
S P R I N G.

THE winter of frost and of snow
Has fled from the streams and our plains,
The violet is ready to blow,
The blackbird is tuning his strains :
The meadows begin to look gay,
The woods in new dresses appear,
And the cuckow has told us to-day,
That May-tide will quickly be here.

Oh come to my cottage, my dear,
If spring-time can give you delight ;
Sweet music shall we'come your ear ;
What's lovely shall gladden your sight ;
As fast as the flow'rets can rise,
Both garlands and arbors I'll make,
Oh do not the labours despise,
That's thought of and done for your sake.

Could Colin hear half what I say,
To my cot in a moment he'd fly ;
But 'tis you my fond voice must obey,
For Colin is nothing to me.

If May has but charms for my swain,
If to me you would wish to be kind,
If love does not call you in vain,
You'll come on the wings of the wind.



CLV.

S U M M E R.

WHEN the trees all their beautiful verdure
renew,
And the meadows look charmingly gay,
When smiling Creation looks blooming to view,
Replete with the beauties of May.

When the light-hearted Shepherd chants musical
strains,
As he pipes to his flocks on the hill ;
And the Lambkins delighted skip blyth o'er the
plains
Or frisk by the murmuring rill.

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When the cows round the country a gading repair,
Or beneath the cool shade shun the heat,
When the crimson-cheek'd milk-maid does kindly
prepare,
For her sweet-heart a syllabub treat.

When the country girls wantonly sport in the deep,
So cautious that all must be hush,
Yet oft the fly rustic procures a full peep,
From the side of some hillock or bush.

At eve when the lads and the lasses do meet,
In a circle to dance on the green,
With native simplicity, void of deceit,
And modesty stamp't on their mein;

When the birds seem inspir'd by the smiling serene,
In musical melody vie ;
And the hares midst the corn fields, they safely
remain,
Or secure in the green meadows lie.

In a snug rural cottage surrounded with trees,
Where murmuring rivulets glide,
My attendants be Plenty, Contentment and Ease,
In solitude let me reside :

CLVI.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

ON Tay's fair banks you've often said
You wish'd that I would try to love ye,
And you'd do all to please your maid
But fear'd my lot was far above ye.
I heed not dad or mother's scorn,
Love gives me to my lad so bonny
We for each other sure are born,
Then take me to your arms my Johnny.

My birth they say was high and so
For greater match they do design me,
They'd have me fly from one so low,
But love and fate to you incline me.

I heed not dad, &c.

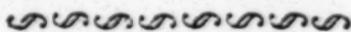
But since I speak my honest mind,
And swear that you're the swain to please me,
Will you be tender, fond and kind,
And never wish to leave or tease me ?

I heed not dad, &c.

A a

I know your heart is good and true
 As any laird's, so let's not tarry,
 To Tay's fair stream, we'll bid adieu,
 For folks in love, 'tis best to marry.

I heed not dad, &c.



CLVII.

FRIENDSHIP TRIUMPHANT.

HOW cruel and hard is my case,
 Thus rack'd between friendship and love,
 My Chloe possesses each grace,
 That is shar'd by the angels above.
 Her beauty an hermit might warm,
 The swan is excell'd by her mien,
 She has sense that Minerva might charm,
 She's enchanting to hear and be seen,
 How cruel and hard is my case,
 Thus rack'd between friendship and love,
 My Chloe possesses each grace,
 That is shar'd by the angels above.

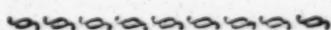
Ye God's, what delight should I prove,
 (Since Chloe attends to my strains)

If my Strephon, my friend, did not love,
And of Chloe chaunt over the plains :
But alas ! if my Chloe I wed,
My Strephon's poor bosom 'twill rend,
His body will mix with the dead,
And I must survive my dear friend.

How cruel, &c.

Then, can I my Strephon destroy !
Or purchase my blis with his death !
Or can I my Chloe enjoy,
When I've rabb'd her adorer of breath !
No ; rather than murder my friend,
To Strephon my love I'll resign ;
And, though I'm approaching my end,
That I've bles'd them I ne'er shall repine.

How cruel, &c.



CLVIII.

THE HAPPY WARNING.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtillo the prude,
If he sigh'd or look'd tender she cried he was
rude :

A a 2 .

Tho' he begs with devotion, some ease for his pain,
 The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain;
 Fatigu'd with his folly, his suit he gave o'er,
 And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

He strove with all caution to escape from the net;
 But Chloe soon caught him, a finish'd coquett,
 She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
 And flatter'd his hopes in the language of eyes,
 Alas for poor Colin. when put to the test,
 Himself and his passion prov'd all but a jest.

By the critical third he was caught in the snare,
 By Fanny, gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
 When she found he had merit and love took his part,
 She dally'd no longer, but yielded her heart,
 With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
 And now are as happy as happy can be.

As the rose bud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
 The prude and coquett are two slighted old maids,
 Now their sweets are all wasted, too late they repent
 For transport untasted, for moments mispent;
 Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
 And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

CLIX.

MAY IS THE MOTHER OF LOVE.

THE virgin when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vow,
The birds sweet bill on every spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above ;
Shepherds, that live on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

Hail May, &c.

At the west, as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the pine ;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine :
The pink by the rivulets side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide,
May, May is the mother of love.

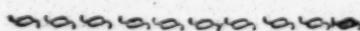
Hail May, &c.

May tinges the butterfly's wing ;
He flutters in bridal array :

If larks and the sweet linnets sing,
 Their music is taught them by May :
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove ;
 And murmuring seems to repeat,
 May, May is the mother of love.

Hail May, &c.

The goddess will visit you soon ;
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay ;
Get pipes, oh ye shepherd's in tune,
 For music must welcome the May :
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell a soft tale and he'll find,
 May, May is the mother of love.



CLX.

A SCOTS SONG.

Tune,—PINKY HOUSE.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone ;
 Her swain Sylvander came that way,
 And heard her dying moan.

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Ah! is my love (she said) to you,
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

Ec. You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
E'er you'd exchange your love;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore?
But ah! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

Tis plain, your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I see it but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you delighted I could die:
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous constant I
Should by your self be kill'd.

This said——all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,

She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.

Sylvander then began to melt :
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

CLXI.

HERO AND LEANDER.

LEANDER on the bay
Of Hellefpong, all naked stood ;
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood :
The raging seas
(Whom none can please)
'Gainst him their malice shew ;
The heav'ns lour'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain ;
Ye cruel rocks and skies !
Ye stormy winds and angry main !

What 'tis to miss
The lover's bliss
Alas! — ye do not know;
Make me your wreck,
As I come back,
But spare me — as I go.

Lo! — yonder flands the tow'r !
Where my beloved Hero lies ;
And this th' appointed hour,
Which sets to watch her longing eyes ;
To his fond suit,
The Gods were mute,
The billows answer'd — no !
Up to the skies
The surges rise ;
But sunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love ;
Now does his stay upbraid,
Now dreads he should the passage prove.
O fate ! — said she,
For heav'n nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide ;

I'd leap this wall,
Could I but fall,
By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal too late.
That Hero was undone,
Not by Leander's fault, but fate ;
Said she, I'll shew,
Though we are two,
Our loves were ever one ;
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die——alone.

Down from the wall she leap'd
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
To teach her wearied arms to swim :
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side ;
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd embrac'd, and died.

CLXII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune, HALLOWE'EN.

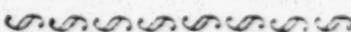
WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous heav'n e'er while serene;
Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
Or what this gulf of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscure'd in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durst profanely try,
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lye,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t'infare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face;

And Pallas with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
 Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such power is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
 Since we must sa e'er it forgive.
 Yet pitying heaven not only does
 Forgive the offender and the offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.



CLXIII.

THE ROAST PEEF OF OLD ENGLAND:
A CANTATA.

TAKEN FROM A CELEBRATED PRINT OF THE
INGENIOUS HOGARTH.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad despair and famine always dwells,

A meagre Frenchman, Madam Crandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcass, that way took :
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-Loin,
 Good father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd :
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd :

A T R.

(*A Lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.*)

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swining in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's foes combin'd,
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-Loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs, and fallad :

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping flood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's meal forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(*Feote's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londre ;
 Oh ! grant to me von letel bite.
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.

Soon as the well-known prospect he deserv'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd :

A I R.

(*Ellen-a-Ron.*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
So taking thy sight is,
My joy, that so light is,
To view thee, by paifuls runs out at my eyes.
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,

Ah, hard-hearted Louis !
Why did I come to you ?
The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
starving.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside ;
With lifted hands he blefs'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

A. R.

(The Ersom of Cowdenbeath.)

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,

Who was so blithe of late,

To fee such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great !

O the beef ! the bonny bonuy beef,

When roasted nice and brown ;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down !



Ah ! Charley, hadst thou not been seen,

'This ne'er had happ'd to me :

I would the de'il had pick'd mine ey'n.

Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the roast beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see ! my muse to England takes her flight,

Where health and plenty socially unite ;

Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,

And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.

Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,

In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A T R.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted the size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mama, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
The Ox is old England, the Frog is Monsieur;
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir-Lion smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst, like the Frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef of Old England, &c.

CLXIV.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

TO-ease his heart and own his flame,
Young Jocky to my cottage came,
And though I lik'd him passing weel,
I careleſs turn'd my spinning wheel.

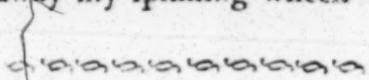
My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and small:
Unusual joy my heart did feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Then round about my slender waift
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd;
To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rife,
He blefs'd my neck, my lips, and eyes:
My fondness I could scarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel.

'Till bolder grown, so close he pres'd,
His wanton thoughts I quickly gues'd;
Then push'd him from my rock and reel,
And angry turn'd my spinning wheel.

At last when I began to chide,
He swore he meant me for his bride;
'Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my spinning wheel.



CLXV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

WEEP not ye streams of gentle Tay;
Nor mourn ye flow'ry banks sae bonny;
Though wars have call'd my love away,
Heav'n will protect my faithful Johny.
'Twas fame that urg'd him to the field,
'Twas fame inspir'd him thus to leave me;
Pleas'd I survey'd the glitt'ring shield.
But ah! how much our parting grieves me!

Let dad and fretful mother scold,
And for some richer laird design me;
Yet neither pow'r, nor pomp, nor gold,
From youthful Johny shall incline me.

'Twas fame, &c.

C c 2

What's wealth compar'd to him I love !

To him forever fond to please me ?

The live long day beneath the grove

To kiss, to clap, to bless and squeeze me ?

'Twas fame, &c.

Weep not, ye streams of silver Tay !

Nor mourn ye flow'ry banks, sae bonny !

Though arms allur'd my love away,

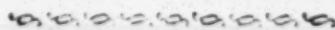
Heav'n will return unhurt my Johnny.

'Twas fame that urg'd him to the field,

'Twas fame inspir'd him thus to leave me ;

Pleas'd I survey'd the glitt'ring shield,

But ah ! how much our parting grieves me !



CLXVI.

B I D E Y E Y E T.

GIN I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wife to praise and admire,
A bonny wee yardy, aside a wee burn,
Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,

Ye little ken what may betide ye yet :
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wisie fou neat and fou clean,
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry papa or daddy to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
A diff'rence a'tween my wee wisie and me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kifs her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet ;
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

CLXVII.

THE GREY COCK.

O Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
Or saw ye my true love John ?
I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong ;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

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The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red ;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johny rose, and to the door he gees,
And gently tirled the pin ;

The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at laist, and do I hold ye fast?
And is my Johny true ?

I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like myself,
Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day ;

Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon ;

The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

CLXVIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—BANKS OF FORTH.

Y E sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
Where sweetly winding Forth do glide,
Conduct me to these banks again,
Since there my charming Molly bides.
These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets :
Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
And cheer the heart of ev'ry swain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
When I, amidst the rural throng,
On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
And Molly's charms were all my song.
While she was present all were gay,
No sorrow did our mirth allay ;
We sung of pleasure, sung of love,
And music breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happiest swain !
No adverse fortune marri'd my joy ;

The shepherds sigh'd for her in vain,

On me she smil'd, to them was coy.

O'er Fortha's mazy banks we stray'd :

I wo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid ;

The beauteous maid my love return'd,

And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the mossy bank reclin'd,

Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep.

It was my happy chance to find

The charming Molly lull'd asleep :

My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,

I softly stoop'd and stole a kiss ;

She wak'd, she blush'd, and faintly blam'd.

Why, Damon are you not ashamed ?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,

Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,

Alternately we sung our loves,

And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.

The meadows wore a gen'r'l smile,

Love was our banquet all the while ;

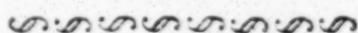
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,

To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs and rural gods,

To whom we swains our cares impart,

Restore me to these blest abodes,
And ease, oh ease ! my love-sick heart ;
These happy days again restore,
When Moll and I shall part no more ;
When she shall fill these longing arms,
And crown my blifs with all her charms.



CLXIX.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
And Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee' ;
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free :
“ Gang down the burn Davie, love,
“ Down the burn Davie, love,
“ Down the burn Davie, love,
“ And soon I'll follow thee ;
“ Gang down the burn Davie, love,
“ Down the burn Davie, love,
“ Down the burn Davie, love,
“ Gang down the burn Davie, love,
“ And I'll soon follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn-side ;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be his bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright.
 Her lips like dropping dew.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and troth,
 And a benny bride he made her :
 No more ashamed to own her love,

Or spak her mind thus free :

“ Gang down the burn Davie, love,

“ Down the burn Davie, love,

“ Down the burn Davie, love,

“ And I'll soon follow thee ;

“ Gang down the burn Davie, love,

“ Down the burn Davie, love,

“ Down the burn Davie, love,

“ Gang down the burn Davie, love,

“ And I'll soon follow thee.”

CLXX.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

AMIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
Young Damen mourn'd his forlorn fate ;
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in lonely slate.

Gay joy no more shall cheer his mind,
No wanton sports can soothe his care,
Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of bleak despair.

His looks they were as fresh as morn,
Can now no longer smiles impart ;
His pensive foal on sadness born,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda ! cheer your swain,
Unshroud him from his veil of woe ;
Range every charm to ease the pain
That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

CLXXI.

A BACCHANAL'S PRAYER.

SINCE there's so small diff'rence 'twixt drown-ing and drinking,
Let's tipple and pray too, like mariners sinking;
Whilst they drink salt water we'll pledge them in
wine,

And pay our devotion at Bacchus' shrine.

O Bacchus, great Bacchus! for ever defend us!
And plentiful store of good Burgandy send us.

From hunger and thirst, empty bottles and glasses,
And those whose religion consists in grimaces;
From meddling with guns or such dangerous things;
From taking up arms in defiance of kings.

O Bacchus, &c.

From meddling with state or what passes above,
From a surfeit of cabbage, from lawsuits and love,
From the scolding of women and bite of mad dogs,
From wandering over the wild Irish bogs.

O Bacchus, &c.

From riding a jade that will start at a feather,
From ending a journey with loss of much leather;

From e'er being cheated by female decoys,
From hum'ring old women, and reas'ning with boys;
O Bacchus, great Bacchus! for ever defend us!
And plentiful stores of good Burgandy send us.



CLXXII.

THE JOYS OF HARVEST.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the plains,
And brightens the smiles of the damsels and swains,
As they follow the last team of harvest along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a song :
Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,
Bleak Winter's approach they behold without fear,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,
And use every moment of life as it flies ;
Gay youth is the Spring time which all must improve
For Summer to ripen and Harvest to love ;
Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store for the Winter of rage ;
Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright eye,
Damp the flame in my bosom, and pale ev'ry joy.

CLXXIII.

THE PARSON.

A Parson who had the remarkable foible
Of minding the bottle, much more than the
Bible,

Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplexed,
In handling a tankard than handling a text.

Derry down, &c.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday he cry'd,
Make patience, my dearly beloved your guide ;
And in your distresses, your troubles and crostes,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

Derry down, &c.

The parson had got a stout cask of strong beer
By way of a present—no matter from where—
Suffice it to know, it was toothsome and good,
And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.

Derry down, &c.

While he the church-service in haste rambl'd o'er,
The hogs found a way thro' his old cellar door,
And by the strong scent to the beer-barrel led,
Had knock'd out the spiggot, or cock, from its head.

Derry down, &c.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
The unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round ;
Nor from their diversion and merriment ceast,
'Till ev'ry hog there was as drunk as a beast.

Derry down, &c.

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer ;
And taste his delightful October-brew'd beer.

Derry down, &c.

The dinner was ready, the things were laid snug,
Here wife, says the person, go, fetch up a mug
But a mug of what, he had scarce time to tell her,
When—yonder, said she, are the hogs in the cellar!

Derry down, &c.

To be sure they've get in, when we were at pray'rs ;
To before you're a fool said he, get you downstairs,
And bring what I bid you, or see what's the matter,
For now I myself hear a grunting and clatter.

Derry down, &c.

She went ; and returning, with sorrowful face,
In suitable phrases related the case :

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He rav'd like a madman about in the room,
And then beat his wife and the hogs with the broom.

Derry down, &c.

Was ever poor fellow so pester'd as I,
Quoth he, the slut makes all the house like a flye—
Howcome you to lock yourd-n'dhogs in the kitchin,
Is that a fit place to put cattle, you b—h, in?

Derry down, &c.

Lord, husband, said she, what a coil you keep
here,
About a poor beggarly barrel of beer!
You should “in your troubles, mischances and croftes,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses.”

Derry down, &c.

A p-x upon Job! cried the priest in a rage,
That beer, I dare say, was near ten years of age:
But you're a poor ignorant jade like his wife;
For Job never had such a cask in his life.

Derry down, &c.

Now, neighbour, while at the poor vicar you grin,
Your case let me tell you's not better a pin;

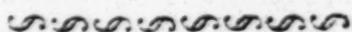
With goodness and wisdom your theory back'd is,
But you're ten to one, knave and fool in the practice.

Derry down, &c.

Whoever you are, I'll be sworn you're no faint ;
Would you mend ? — then yourself with your
failings acquaint,

These conquer, and then, give advice, if you chuse ;
For who'd give you thanks for a thing you can't use.

Derry down, &c.



CLXXIV.

S O C I A L P O W E R S .

COME now all ye social powers,
Shed your influence o'er us ;
Crown with joy the present hours,
Enliven those before us :
Fill the flask the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us ;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us.

C H O R U S .

Fill the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us ;

E e

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Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us.

Friendship with thy power divine,
Brighten all our features ;
What but friendship, love and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.

Fill the flask, &c.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous passions ;
But will ne'er bow down before,
Those idols, wealth and fashion.

Fill the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,
While on earth we moulder ;
Whether we're merry, grave or mad,
We ev'ry day grow older.

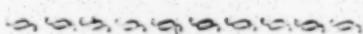
Fill the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away,
Spite of all our sorrow ;
Heighten ev'ry joy to day,
And never mind to-morrow.

Fill the flask the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us ;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And leave dull care behind us.

CHORUS.

Fill the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us ;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And leave dull care behind us.



CLXXV.

A LAPLAND LOVE-SONG.

THOU rising sun whose gladiome ray,
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh ! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough ;
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
What woods conceal my sleeping maid ?

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Up by the roots enrag'd, I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise !
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wafting summer flies ;
Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Not storms or nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare ?
Oh ! love has stronger fetters far !
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex the breast ;
When thoughts perplex, the first are best :
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay ;
Away to Orra, haste away.

CLXXVI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—LUMPS OF PUDDING.

HOLLO! keep it up boys, and push round
the glafs,

Let each feize his bumper, and drink to his lafs :
Away with dull thinking—'tis madness to think—
And let those be sober who've nothing to drink.

Tal de ral, &c.

Silence that vile clock, with its iron-tongued bell,
Of the hour that's departed still ringing the knell :
But what is't to us that the hours fly away !
'Tis only a signal to moisten the clay.

Huzza ! boys, let each take a bumper in hand,
And stand—if there's any one able to stand.
How all things dance round me !—'tis life, though
my boys ;
Of drinking and spewing how great are the joys !

My head! oh, my head!—but no matter 'tis life;
Far better than mopping at home with one's wife :
The pleasures of drinking you're sure must be grand,
When I'm neither able to think, speak, nor stand.

CLXXVII.

WILLIE OF THE DALE.

AS through the fields I chanc'd to stray,
To hear the Linnet's song,
I met a shepherd in my way,
The blithest of the throng.
He stopt and gave my cheek a pat,
And told a tender tale ;
Then stole a kiss,—but what of that,
'Twas Willie of the Dale.

He press'd my hand, and talk'd of love
With extasy divine ;
Nay, swore he'd ever faithful prove,
And, if I pleas'd, be mine.
To meet him thus, (no creature near,)
Soon made my cheeks look pale :
But he declar'd I need not fear,
Young Willy of the Dale.

None sure possess such charms as he,
To win a maiden's mind ;
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
And what's still more he's kind ;

For now he meets me ev'ry night,
At which the lasses rail,
And vows I am the sole delight
Of Willy of the Dale.



CLXXVIII.

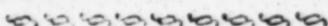
A FAVOURITE MAD SONG.

MY Lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fate ;
But that which grieves me more, love,
Is the coldness of my dear :
Yet still she cried, turn love,
I pray thee love turn to me ;
For thou art the only girl, love,
That is ador'd by me.

With a garland of Straw I will crown thee love,
I'll marry you with a rush ring :
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
So merrily I shall sing.
Yet still, &c.

But if you will harden your heart, love,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan :

Oh ! I must endure the smart, love,
And tumble in Straw all alone,
Yet still, &c.



CLXXIX.

C O L I N E T.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsy is my charming bride !
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul.
Who so fair as lovely Bet ?
Who so blest as Colinet ?

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts ;
Welcome hymen's lasting joys,
Lisping wanton girls and boys ;
Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Though ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
Now my plenteous barn adorn,
Though I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs,
With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs ;
Riper, fairer, sweeter, yet
Are the charms of Colinet.

Though on Sundays I was seen,
Dress'd like any May-day queen ;
Though six sweethearts daily strove,
To deserve thy Betty's love ;
Them I quit without regret ;
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
Crown with forts our bridal day :
May each lad a mistress find ;
Like my Etsy, fair and kind ;
And each lass a husband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul ;
May the sun ne'er rise or set,
But with joy to happy Bet,
But with joy to happy Etsy,
And her faithful Colinet.

CLXXX.

J O C K E Y.

A S Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
So blithe and so bonny his air ;

F f

He met a young lass who was going his way,

Her face all so clouded with care ;

He ask'd her what made her so mopping and sad ?

'Twas pity if she were in pain :

She sigh'd, " I have lost the veriest best lad,

" And I never shall see him again ! "

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,

Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so ?

Or else, where on earth he can never appear,

Where you and I surely must go ?

No, he's fled (she reply'd) with another fond she,

Though to me he was plighted for aye,

O'er the mountains he's gone with another from
me,

" And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,

He's a loon, who is not worth your pain ;

Let him go since he's chang'd, be you wretched
no more,

Nor think of a false hearted swain :

But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,

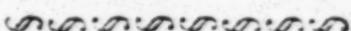
Whom fortune has thrown in your way,

I'll soothe all your grief, and I'll banish your smart,

Here I'm ready to do as I say.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her a
song,

Her face look'd no longer despair ;
He whisper'd of love as they saunter'd along
And she thought him a lad worth her care :
She frail'd and grew pleas'd, late a stranger to joy,
And Jockey perceiving her kind,
More pressing was grown, and the lass was less coy,
So she drove the false loon from her mind.



CLXXXI.

THE HAPPY CLOWN.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his safe retreat,
Is pleased with his low degree ;
Is rich, in decent poverty :
From strife, from care, and business free,
At once both good and great.

No drums disturb his morning sleep ;
He fears no danger of the deep ;

Nor noisy law, nor courts can heap
Vexation on his mind.

No trumpets rouse him to the war :
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds.
Each season of the wheeling year
Industrious he, improves with care,
And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
And angles with his baits or flies ;
And next, the sylvan scene he tries,
His spirits to regale.
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock or teeming cows ;
Then tunes his reed or tries his muse,
That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
No care his peace of mind destroys ;

Nor does he pass his time in toys,
Beneath his just regard.

He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To prune and faind his tender trees ;
And for attending well his bees
Enjoys a just reward.

The flow'ry meads and silent coves,
The scenes of faithful rural loves, *
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wish'd delight.

But O how pleasant is his life,
Blessed with a chaste and virtuous wife,
And children prattling without strife,
Around his fire at night.

Hid from himself now by the dawn,
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the height and lawn

After his bleeting flock :
Healthful and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day ;
Untaught to smile and then betray,
Like courtly weather cocks.

CLXXXII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
A while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blows over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
 And the brook in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was,
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd ;)
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
 She talked, and bless'd her dear tongue :
 When she sing'd, it was pleasure too great ;
 I listen'd and cry'd when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet !

How foolish was I to believe,
 She could deot on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town :

To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove ;
Or go, clad like our maidens in gray.
Or live in a cottage on love ?

What though I have skill to complain ;
Though the muses my temples have crown'd,
What though, when they hear my soft strains,
The virgins sit weeping around ?
Ah, Colin ! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low on the ground :

The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shed me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array ;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day :
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.



CLXXXIII.

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A While but attend and a tale I'll relate,
 Which I hope for the present some mirth
 will create,
 The story is very well known in the west,
 Where many good people still laugh at the jest.
 Where many good people still laugh at the jest.

A farmer who long had indulg'd a desire,
To see London town and to visit the 'squire,
When his rent became due he set out for the place,
As he thought that would make him appear with
a grace.

The 'Squire was well pleas'd this tenant to view,
Why farmer he cried you are punctual and true,
Come butler make haste with a bottle of wine,
And tenant walk in for you shall stay and dine.

Then leading the way to the parlour he goes,
Which was full of fine ladies and very fine beaus ;
The farmer he scrap'd and he pull'd off his hat,
Scratch'd his ears and could hardly tell what to be at.

When he saw such fine folks he soon offer'd to go,
And begg'd he might dine with the servants below,
For fear of some blunder which he might commit,
But the 'Squire insisted that down he should sit.

The dinner serv'd in, and the company plac'd,
The farmer was help'd with each thing in high taste,
When he drank, from the table his manners to prove
He rose, and as constantly gave them his love.

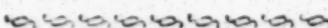
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A wagg, who to mischief was often inclin'd,
Gave a hint for removing his chair from behind,
He catches the cloth when he finds he must fall,
And down came the dishes, the sauces and all.

'The beaus and the belles were all strait in a flutter,
Their cloathes were besprinkled with gravy and butter;
O curse you saysonce you have spoil'd my beil facque,
But the farmer lay silent a while on his back.

A custard by accident fell in his chops,
And on his huge belly a pudding there drops;
One roars out like thunder he'll pink out his soul,
But the farmer rose up and thus spoke to the whole:

'Tis owing to you I am now in disgrace,
You should never put people thus out of their place;
To the country I soon will be jogging amain,
And I hope I shall never see London again.



CLXXXIV.

A PASTORAL SONG.

FAREWELL, y^e green fields and sweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;

Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dress'd without art :
No pleasure ye now can afford,
Nor music can lull you to rest ;
For Phillis proves false to her word,
And Strephon can never be blest.

Oft-times by the side of a spring,
Where roses and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
For Strephon was all the held dear :
But as soon as she found by my eyes,
The passion that now'd in my breast,
She then, to my grief and surprize,
Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will last,
Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blast :
Beware, then, beware how ye trust
Coquettis, who to love make pretence ;
For Phillis to me had been just,
If Nature had bles'd her with sense.

CLXXXV.

SONG IN MASQUE OF ALFRED.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
 To cheer me your harmony bring;
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phillis to sing;
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my woes.

Each rival amusement I try,
 In vain to restore my pale count'ry;
 What charm'll when my Strephon was by,
 Has now left the power to please;
 Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and love,
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles, like the summer, can cheer,
 Ah! why then, like winter unkind?

Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be ;
To Celia and Chloe make love,
And only is cruel to me.

CLXXXVI.

INVITATION TO AMELIA.

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,
To soft Elysian gales ;
From smoke to smiling skies repair,
And sun-illumin'd vales :
No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
But blessings crown the plains ;
Here calm contentment, heav'n-born maid,
And peace, the cherub, reigns.

O come ! for thee the roses bloom,
The deep carnation grows ;
For thee sweet violets breathe perfume,
The white-rob'd lily blows ;
For thee the streams the Naiads roll,
The daised hills are gay ;
Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)
The sportive lambkins play.

From vale to vale the zephyrs rove,
 To rob the unfolding flow'rs :
 And music melts in ev'ry grove,
 To charm thy rural hours ;
 The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
 Exerting all his pride,
 Will strive to please Amelia fair,
 Who pleases all beside.

— — — — —

CLXXXVII.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know ;
 In bold attire I stepp'd abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay ;
 And here and there, and every where
 Was like a morn in May.
 No care I had nor fear of want,
 But rambled up and down,
 And for a beau I might have pass'd
 In country or in town :

I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
Itun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find,
For love, I heard, gave one an air,
And ev'n improv'd the mind,
On Phillis fair, among the rest,
Kind Fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauties struck my heart,
And she became my choice.

To Cupid now with hearty pray'r,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do ;
But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone,
Left the girl and tun'd my pipe,
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship next ! steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers pain ;

A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine ;
 But now whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom,
 I freely might apply ;
 A strait soон came, my friend I try'd
 He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan,
 I hy'd me home and tun'd my pipe,
 To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
 And would a patriot turn,
 Begun to doat on Johnnie Wilkes,
 And cry'd up Parson Horn ;
 Their noble spirit I admir'd,
 And prais'd their manly zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen
 Maintain'd the public weal ;
 But e'er a month or two was past,
 I found myself betray'd,
 'Twas self and party after all,
 - For all the stir they made ;

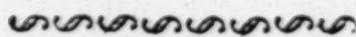
The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 241

At last I saw the factious knaves,
Insult the very throne,
I curs'd them a' and tun'd my pipe,
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books and company,
And gravely try'd to read ;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And studied night and day,
Nor mifs'd what dean or doctor wrot ;
That happen'd in my way ;
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth ;
A thousand various schemes I found,
I yet was pleas'd with none,
I threw them by and tun'd my Pipe,
To John o' Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters ev'ry one,
That wish to make a show,
Take heed in time nor fondly hope,
For happiness below ;

What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name,
 And girls and friends and books and so,
 You'll find them a' the same :
 Then be advis'd and warning take,
 From such a man as me ;
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of low degree ;
 You'll meet displeasures ev'ry where,
 Then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.



CLXXXVIII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One ev'ning in May :
 The little birds in blythest notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray,
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er,
Ah Gramachree ma Colleenouge ma Molly ashtore.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 243

The daisy pied, and all the sweets,
The dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, the vi'let blue,
Lay scatter'd o'er the field ;
Such fragrance in the bosom lyes,
Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly's hate ;
How can she break the honest heart,
That wears her in its core.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me Molly dear,
Ah why did I believe ;
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive ;
That love was all I ask'd on earth,
Nay heav'n could give no more,

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flock that graze,
On yonder yellow hill,

H h 2

244 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Or low'd for me the num'rous herds,
That yon green pasture fill ;
With her I love I'd gladly share,
My kine and fleecy store.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,
Sat courting on a bough,
I envied them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo ;
Such fondness once for me she shew'd,
But now alas it's o'er.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear,
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn,
While life remains in Strephon's breast,
'Twill beat for thee alone ;
Tho' thou art false may heav'n on thee,
Its choicest blessings pour.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

CLXXXIX.

ANSWER TO GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

Y E gentle winds that softly blow,
Along the verdant plain ;
Go whisper to my Strephon's ear,
His love's return'd again ;
In sweeteit language tell the youth,
His sorrows to give o'er,
Ah Gramachree ! my love shall be,
As happy as before.

The daisy pied and all the sweets,
Of nature's flow'ry bed ;
Shall join to make a garland, meet
For my dear Strephon's head ;
The primrose pale and vi'let blue,
I'll add into the store ;
Ah Ghrámachree ! and we shall be,
As happy as before.

Full many a scene of mourning,
Thy Molly late has known ;
Because my heart its fondness kept,
For thee my dear alone ;

My parents hid me from thy sight,
 And spurn'd thee from their door ;
Ah Gramachree ! but now we'll be,
 As happy as before.

I laid me down upon my bed,
 Bewailing my sad fate ;
And like a faithful turtle dove,
 I mourn'd my absent mate ;
And as the ling'ring moments pass'd,
 (I told them o'er and o'er,
Ah Gramachree ! but now I'll be,
 As happy as before.

You said you lov'd your Molly dear,
 Thy vows I did believe ;
For well I knew my Strephon's heart,
 Would ne'er my faith deceive ;
Thy love was all I wish'd on earth,
 For heav'n could give no more,
Ah Gramachree ! and now we'll be,
 As happy as before.

Our flocks together now we'll tend,
 Upon the yellow hill ;

And gaze enraptur'd on the sweets,
Which yon fair prospect fill ;
While heav'n upon our mutual love,
Shall all its blessings pour ;
Ah Gramachree ! we then shall be,
As happy as before.



CXC.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

I Met in our village a fwain t'other day,
He stopt me, and begg'd me a moment to stay ;
Then blush'd, and in language I ne'er heard before,
He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he
bore :
But what was his meaning I know not, I vow ;
Yet, alas ! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamine, vi'let and rose,
He brings me, and ev'ry sweet flower that grows ;
The sweetest, and gayest, he picks from the rest,
And begs me to wear these fine things in my breast ;
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young shepherd for ever I see,
Protesting he never lov'd any but me ;
He gazes with transport and kisses me too,
And swears that he'll ever be constant and true :
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow :
Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the tears streaming fast from his eyes,
And hear him, poor youth, breathe a thousand of
sighs ;
He tells me no nymph in the world is like me,
No shepherd alive so unhappy as he :
But what is his meaning I know not, I vow ;
Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear shepherd to me thus complain,
And say that my eyes are the cause of his pain ;
Indeed ever since his sad fate I deplore,
And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more,
I'll do all I can to relieve him I vow,
If he will be so kind, as to teach me but how.

CXCI.

A DRINKING SONG.

YE fam'd witty niae,
Affit my design,
And put your sweet voices in tune,
While Parnassus I mount,
And in carrols recount,
The joys of the social half-moon.

The yellow hair'd Scot,
His Pattie has got,
The Hibernian his Ellen-a-roon;
But Britons fond lays,
To night are in praise,
Of their mistress chaire Cythia the moon.

Some bards may declare,
That Kitty is fair,
And more sweet than the roses in June,
But what reigning toast,
At St James's can boast,
Such a number of stars as the moon.

250 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Then Bacchus do thou,
Be kind to us now,
And luxuriously favour our boon ;
Fill the bowel to the brink,
That your vot'ries may drink,
'Till their faces look like the full moon.

Let dull sober fools,
Whom temperance rules,
Sneak away to their pillow by noon ;
Such choice souls as we,
Gay, jovial, and free,
Stagger home by the light of the moon.

We laugh and we sing,
Our glasses we ring,
To depart always think it too soon ;
'Then while there's good wine,
Let's chearfully join,
In a health to the man of the moon.

CXCI.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE hounds are all out and the morning does
 peep ;

Why, how now, you sluggardly sot !
How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all on horse-back have got,
 My brave boys ;
While we all on horse-back are got.

I cannot get up, for the over nights cup
 So terribly lies in my head ;
Besides my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed,
 My dear boy ;
But cuddle me longer in bed.

Come, on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
Not tire us with longer delay ;
The cry of the hounds, and the fight of the hare,
Will chase all dull vapours away,
 My brave boys ;
Will chase all dull vapours away.

CXIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

TO A GIRL OF TEN YEARS OF AGE.

YE loves and ye graces so sweet
 That sport on the Tweed and the Tay ;
 Fly southward my Philly to meet ;
 She'll play with you all the long day.
 Our turf is as verdant and soft,
 Our prospect as beautiful springs ;
 The finches they trill it aloft,
 And melting the nightingale sings.

When heaven looks smiling above,
 And Flora her treasure forth pours ;
 Does Philly abroad never rove ?
 Say, does she not pick a few flowers ?
 Does she find out the King-cup so gay :
 Do cowslips their odours disclose !
 Or the violet sweeter than they,
 That only can yield to the rose.

All nature does joyous appear,
 And frolics at Philly's command ;

See flies how they buz at her ear,
And lady-birds dance on her hand.

See butterflies floating along,
With colours to pleasure the fair ;
The bees they fly humming a song,
And chirp goes the grasshopper there.

Ye two-legg'd unfeather'd folk sing,
Lay hold on the fast flying time ;
Your smooth flowing madrigals bring,
Nor loose the soft hour of her prime.

Melodious, oh chant while you may,
Your musical passions unfold :
For she'll be too wise for your lay,
Before she is fifteen years old.

CXCIV.

ON THE MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride ;
For riches like fig-leaves, their nakedness
hide :

The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
In a bachelor's bed without mistress or wife.

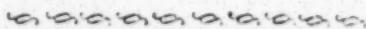
254 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads,

In settling of jointures or making of deeds.

But Adam and Eve when they first enter'd course,
E'en took one and other, for better for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great :
Let love be the jointure ; ne'er mind an estate :
You can never be poor, having allthose dear charms ;
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.



CXCV.

DAMON AND CUPID.

THE Sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped ;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle sp'ead :
When Damon pafs'd that way,
And faunter'd in the grove ;
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love.

Oh ! those were golden hours,
When love devoid of care,

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 255

In all Arcadia's bow'rs,
Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs;
But now from wood and plain
Hies every sprightly lass :
No joys for me remain,
In shades or on the glades.

The winged boy draws near
And thus the swain reproves :
While beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves.
At ev'nt I never fail,
To scatter round my arrows ;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

Then swain, if me you need,
Straight lay your sheep hook down ;
Throw by your eaten reed,
And haste away to town ;
So well I'm known at Court,
None asks where Cupid dwells,
But readily resort,
To Benson's or Lapell's.

CXCVI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

A Taylor there was and he liv'd in a garret,
 Who ne'er in his days tasted champaign o'
 claret ;
 With high soups or ragouts he never was fed,
 But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry down, &c.

His work he purſ'd without any repining,
 When bles'd with a pint of three threads for a
 lining ;
 Till Cupid, whose arrows moft cruelly treat us,
 With a ſempſtress's bodkin destroy'd his Quietus.

Derry down, &c.

No longer a birth night affords any pleasure,
 His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure :
 His bill he contrives not with items to fwell ;
 Silk, twit, tape and buckram he damns them to
 hell.

Derry down, &c.

Cupid pitying his caſe, at length flew to his aid,
 And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had made,

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 257

He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
And never give out, till he'd finish'd his suit.

Derry down, &c.

He visits the sempstress, with awkward address,
Protests on her kindness hung his happiness ;
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and
wheadle,

For she, lack-a-day, was as sharp as a needle.

Derry down, &c.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his
doom ;
Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The fates shears wou'd soon snip off his remnant
of life.

Derry down, &c.

Dye think, cry'd the sempstress, I'll take for a
spouse,
One whom no one esteem's at three skips of a
louse ;
Advance in your favour whatever you can,
A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

Derry down, &c.

K k

The taylor proceeded with lying, intreating,
And making such speeches which scarce bear re-peating :

A woman unmarried was useless he said,
Was just like a needle without any thread.

Derry down, &c.

When the priest should have tack'd them together,
he cry'd,

For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide ;
Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aspire,
She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

Derry down, &c.

As she work'd, he commended her fingers so nimble,
And swore that her eyes were more bright than her
thimble ;

Though small was his wit, he so acted his part,
That I know not how 'twas but he cabag'd her
heart.

Derry down, &c.

Away hand i a hand, to the chapel they went,
Nor appear'd in her viilage the least discontent,
None but death could the conjugal knot have unty'd,
For cross-legg'd together they stitch'd till they dy'd.

Derry down, &c.

CXCVII.

A FAVOURITE AIR IN MIDAS.

JOVE in his chair, of the sky Lord May'r,
With his nods man and gods keep in awe,
When he winks, heaven shrinks,
When he speaks, hell squeaks ;
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the school, he bears despotic rule,
His word tho' absurd must be law,
Even fate, tho' so great,
Must not prate his bald pate,
Jove would cuff he's so bluff for a straw,
Cow'd deities, like mice in cheese,
To fit must cease, or gnaw.

CXCVIII.

ROBIN HOOD.

A S blith as the linnet sings in the green-wood,
So blith we'll wake, we'll wake the morn.
So blith, &c.

260 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind the bugle, bugle horn,
We'll wind, &c.

The Sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood;
Bold Robin despairs to fly.
Bold, &c.

Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sher-
wood,
Or vanquish, boys, or die.
Or vanquish, boys, or die.

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are good,
And well their masters know.
And well, &c.

They're cut in the forest of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er will spare a foe.

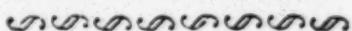
And, &c.
Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
We'll hunt them o'er the plain,
We'll, &c.

And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
No shaft shall fly in vain.
No, &c.

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never subdued,
Gave each his hand so bold.
Gave, &c.

We'll range thro' the forest of merry Sherwood ;
What say my heart of gold ?

What, &c.



CXCIX.

A FAVOURITE AIR IN MIDAS.

A Pox of your beauty about this or that,
Your shrieking or squeaking a sharp or a flat ;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, Mr Pol,
So here goes a set-to at toll-de-roll loll.

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o' the Whip the fools scamper,
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol ;
Pray what's all this fuss for, but—doll-de-roll loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race ;
All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chace ;
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all,
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll loll.

I've done please your worship, 'tis rather too long,
I only meant life is but an old song ;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
Where all act the scene of tell-lell-de-roll.

CC.

J E N N Y.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

AS on Tay's banks I wander'd, in search of
my fair,
How smooth was the stream ! and how soft was
the air !
To nothing but thee such a scene I compare ;
And thee it resembles dear Jenny.

The deep chrystral wave was a type of thy face,
(I thought it so clear it might serve for thy glass).
And the curis that were there for thy dimples might
pass,
I vow'd 'twas the picture of Jenny.

Methought it took in all the charms of my mind,
To virtue, to love, and to pity inclin'd,
The tender soft passions that feel no rude wind ;
For calm is the bosom of Jenny.

All pleas'd with the prospect, I wish'd the bright
maid
Cou'd have seen her dear self in this mirror display'd ;
'Twas like her when last the sweet girl I survey'd ;
Like none it could be but my Jenny.

But sudden a tempest I ne'er saw before,
Made the billows arise, and the waves foam and roar:
I thought that I scarcely was safe on the shore :
Ah me ! even then it was Jenny.

The same dreadful fight, when to spleen you're
inclin'd,
When to me you are cross, and to others are kind :
But never, dear girl, raise the storm in your mind ;
'Twill kill me, believe me dear Jenny.

CC. I.

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

COME tell me, dear Phillis, come tell me, I
pray,
Must Damon e'er hope for your love ?
Must Damon, &c.,
The truth of my passion my sighs do betray ;
Will nothing your coldness remove ?

Ah ! call to your mind the last Sunday in May,
When Thyrsis his passion preferr'd ;
You seem'd all attention to what he did say,
With pleasure his sonnet you heard.

264 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

O let not dire jealousy torture your breast,
Said Phillis, and feigned a smile ;
A prudent reserve I have ever held best,
Since men are so prone to beguile.

Now let not that odium extend to us all,
Which only belongs to a few ;
True love pleads my suit, pray attend to the call,
I ne'er can prove faithless to you.
I ne'er can prove faithless to you.

CCII.

LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me ;
Ye pow'rs what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me ?
Seen as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastly sporting ;

We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
'Till night spread her dark curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me:
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excells in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me :
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

CCIII.

YOUNG JAMIE.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WHERE new-mown hay, on winding Tay,
 The sweets of spring discloses,
As I one morning singing lay,
 Upon a bank of roses,
Young Jamie, skipping o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me ;
He took his bonnet off his head
 And gently sat down by me.
O my bonny Jamie, O !
I care not though the world should know
 How dearly I love my Jamie O !

The swain though I right meikle prize,
Yet now I wadna ken him,
But with a frown my heart disguise,
And strave awa' to send him ;
But fondly he still nearer press'd,
And at my feet down lying ;
His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
I thought the lad was dying.

O my bonny Jamie, &c.

But still resolving to deny,
And angry accents feigning,
I often roughly shot him by,
With words sou of disdaining ;
He seiz'd my hand and nearer drew,
And gently chiding on my pride ;
So sweetly did the shepherd vow,
I blushing vow'd to be his bride.

O my bonny Jamie, &c.

CCIV.

FY CAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

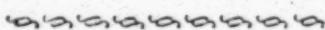
G IN ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae ;

But if you meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' firae,
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip,
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and laffes, while 'tis May,
 Gee pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the first minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And killies, laying a' the wytte
 On you, if she kepp ony health.

Health ye're ill bred, she'll failing say,
 Ye worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Sync fine your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide hersel' in some dark nook.
 Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face, -
 " Nineteen may-says are half a grant."

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kifs :
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future blifs.
These benifons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant ;
Then, furly earles, whish't, forbear,
To plague us wi' your whining cant.



CCV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

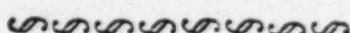
WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY.

NO more I'll dread love's fatal dart,
It once had pierc'd my breast ;
But I've regain'd my long lost heart,
And with it peace and rest.

Ye pow'rs no more will I be caught
In Cupid's subtle snare,
To feel each agonizing thought
Excited by despair.

This heart which Strephon once posseſſ'd,
His perfidy set free,

And now I am supremely bleſſ'd
With charming liberty.



CCVI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

MY Sandy is the sweetest swain,
That ever pip'd on Tay,
He tends his sheep on verdant plains,
And chears me all the day :
For Oh ! he is so blyth a lad,
A bylyther canna be ;
Whene'er he's nigh, my heart is glad,
For dearly he loves me.

As on a mossy bank we sat,
Beneath a fragrant shade,
The youth he charm'd me with his chat,
And on his bagpipe play'd :
For Oh ! he is, &c.

He calls me his dear life and care,
And calls me his own Peggy too ;
He vows by all that's good and fair,
To me he will prove true.
For Oh ! he is, &c.

So I will prize my lovely swain,
And yield to be his wife ;
Then bid adieu to care and pain,
And so be bless'd for life.
For Oh ! he is, &c.



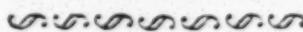
CCVII.

PLATO's ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, Why should man be vain ?
Since bounteous Heav'n hath made him great,
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
Can costly robes or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair ;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction, lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train :
 When shot—'tis gone ; its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls—
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay :
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls ;
 When Jove commands we must obey.



CCVIII.

M A D T O M.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell ;
 Or from the deep abyss of hell,
 Mad Tom is come, to view this world again,
 To see if he can ease his distemper'd brain.
 Fears and cares oppress my soul,
 Hark ! how the angry furies howl ;
 Pluto does laugh, and Proserpine is glad,
 To see poor naked Tom in Bedlam mad.

Thro' the world I wander night and day,
 To find my straggling senses ;
 In an angry mood I meet old Time,
 With a Pentateuch of tenes,

When me he spies, away he flies,
For time will wait for no man.
In vain with cries, I rend the skies,
For pity is uncommon.

Cold and comfortles I lye,
Help, O help, or else I die!

Hark I hear Apollo's team,
The carman 'gins to whistle ;
Chaste Diana bends her bow,
The boar begins to bristle.

Come Vulcan, with tools and with tackle,
And knock off my troublesome shackle :
Let Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my sences again.

Let Charles, &c.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark ;
Mars met Venus in the dark ;
Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
And furiously ran at the god of war ;
Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had got the gout ;
His huge horns did so hang in his sight,
That he could not see to aim his blows aright :

Mercury the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrel ;

M m

Jolly Bacchus giant-like
 Bestrode a good wine barrel,
 He to me drank I did him thank,
 But I could get no Cyder ;
 He drank whole butts, and burst his guts,
 But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor naked 'Tom is very dry,
 Some little drink for charity.

Hark I hear Aetæon's hounds,
 The huntsman whoops and hallows,
 Ringwod, Royston, Bowman, Fowler,
 All the chace now follows.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
 Eats powder'd beef, turnips and carrot ;
 But a cup of old Malaga fack
 Would fire the bush on his back.

But a cup, &c.

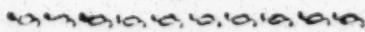
In my triumphant chariot hurl'd,
 I'll range around this spacious world :
 I'll from it's orb pluck every star,
 And with the signs wage mighty war ;
 What though the sceptre that I bear,
 Be nothing else but dream and air,
 And though confin'd to beds of straw,
 Yet to the world I can give law.

I'll sail upon the dog-star soon,
And then pursue the morning ;
I'll chase the moon 'till it is noon,
And make her leave her horning ;
I'll climb the mountain steep and high,
And there I'll coin the weather ;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And tie both ends together.

New to my royal throne I'm come,
Bow, bow, ye slaves, it's I, Mad Tom
When I mount yon blue Cœlum
To shun the tempting gypsies ;
Play at foot-ball with sun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.

Rise, start from your magical slumber,
Perform mighty deeds without number ;
Teach fools that with sceptres bear sway,
A mad-man's more powerful than they.

Teach fools, &c.



CCIX..

VAUXHALL BALLAD.

IN a sycamore shade, as I sat t'other day,
As blithe as the birds in the grove ;

M m 2

It happen'd young Damon was walking that way,
Who often had hinted his love.

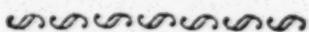
I ran to be gone, as I saw him appear,
When kneeling he begg'd I'd not fly ;
So soft were his accents, they banish'd my fear,
I could not the shepherd deny.

He begg'd me to stay, whilst his wish he express'd,
And swore that he meant me no harm ;
My hand to his bosom he eagerly pres'ld,
Which, throbbing, confess'd the alarm.
My cheek he declar'd wore the blush of the rose,
My hand with the lily might vie ;
That my breath was much sweeter than either of
those ;
All this I was forc'd to deny.

He said he should languish, and die with despair,
Unless I requir'd his love ;
And pray'd me to end all his sorrow and care,
For truer no swain e'er could prove :
He begg'd that a day I would speedily name,
And waited to hear my reply ;
My blushes confess'd that I felt all his flame,
Nor could I the shepherd deny.

ay,
Next morn to the church with my Damon I went,
And gave him my hand and my heart ;
E'er since have my days been in happiness spent,
Which Hymen alone can impart.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, who are youthful and gay,
From the shepherd you love never fly ;
The spring of your lives will soon glide away ;
Beware, lest too oft you deny,



CCX.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—WHEN ANNIE FROM THE SEA BEACH CAME.

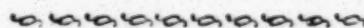
WHEN thro' yon field, I take my way,
Led by the breeze that gently blows,
Along the lovely banks of Tay,
Where the rich meadows verdure, glows.

Behold the prospect bids the muse
Throw forth her beauty ; sing the lay,
Of rural scenes, of swelling brooks,
And lovely windings of the Tay.

Amidst creation can we boast,
Such scenes ! and flow'rs of such a dye,

Or match such landskip, while it glides,
Athwart imagination's eye.

Thus let me wander through the mead,
Along the humid banks of Tay,
So richly deck'd; and let my song,
Dwell on this theme the live long day.



CCXI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THIS world is a stage, whercin mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng,
But all is confusion, mere folly, delusion,
And in fact nothing else but a song,
And in, &c.



The Parson, so grave, says your soul he will save,
And points out the right from the wrong;
With a long winded preaching and piously teaching,
He sets off his flock with a feng.
He sets, &c.

The CHEARFUL COMPANION. 279

The Doctor he'll fill you with bolus and pills,
In assurance to make you live long ;
But believe me 'tis true, the guinea's in view,
And the rest of his art's but a song.

And the, &c.

In quirks and in quibbles, the Lawyer he scribbles
And moves his malevolent tongue ;
'Twixt demure and vacation he'll raise expectation,
'Till he sink your estate in a song.

Till, &c.

The merchant intent, on his twenty per cent,
To him ledger and journal belong ;
Commission and charges, his profit enlarges,
But the ballance oft ends in a song.

But the, &c.

The gentle Coquette, she's all in a fret,
In the morning her toilet is wrong ;
All day she does pass to consult her dear glass,
And at night dies away in a song.

And at, &c.

Come let us be jolly, drive hence melancholy,
Since we are got,--brave boys,---among ;

Come fill up your glasses, and drink to your lasses,

And let each merry lad sing a Song.

And let, &c.



CCXII.

THE NEW WAY OF THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

AH! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature ;
The youth excelling so in mein,
The maid in every graceful feature :

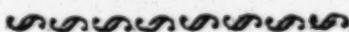
CHURUS.

O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers,
For surely she was made for thee,
And thou to bles the charming creature.

So mild your looks, your children thine,
Will early learn the task of duty :
The boys with all their father's sense ;
The girls with all their mother's beauty.

CHORUS.

O how charming to inherit,
At once such graces and such spirit,
Thus while you live may fortune give,
Each blessing equal to your merit.



CCXIII.

DONNEL AND FLORA.

ON THE LATE MISFORTUNE OF
GENERAL BURGOYNE AND HIS GALLANT ARMY.

BY A LADY.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careless of ought but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sadd'ning to Mora * :
Loose flow'd her coal-black hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
And thus to the troubled air,
She vented her sorrow.

- Loud howls the northern blait ;
- Bleak is the dreary waste ;
- Haste then, O Donnel haste,
- Haste to thy Flora !

N a

* A valley in Athole so nam'd by the two lovers.

‘ Twice twelve long months are o'er
 ‘ Since in a foreign shore,
 ‘ You promis'd to fight no more,
 ‘ But meet me in Mora.

• Where now is Donnel dear ?
 { Maids cry with taunting sneer)
 • Say is he still sincere
 To his lov'd Flora !

• Parents upbraid my moan ;
 • Each heart is turn'd to stone.
 • Ah ! Flora, thou'rt now alone
 • Friendless in Mora !

• Come then, O come away,
 • Donnel, no longer stay :
 • Where can my rover stray
 • From his dear Flora ?
 • Ah ! sure he ne'er cou'd be
 • False to his vows and me :
 • O Heaven !—is not yonder he
 • Bounding in Mora !

• Never, O wretched fair,
 { Sigh'd the sad messenger.)
 • Never shall Donnel mair
 • Meet his lov'd Flora.

Cold, cold beyond the main,
Donnel thy love lyes slain,
He sent me to sooth thy pain,
Weeping in Mora.

Well fought our gallant men,
Headed by brave Burgoyne,
Our heroes were thrice led on
To British glory.
But ah! though our foes did flee,
Sad was the loss to thee,
While ev'ry fresh victory
Drown'd us in sorrow.

"Here take this trusty blade,
(Donnel expiring said)
"Give it to yon dear maid
"Weeping in Mora.
"Tell her O Allan, tell
"Donnel thus bravely fell,
"And that in his last farewell
"He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare
Sigh'd out, poor Flora.

284 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

O Donnel ! Oh welladay !
Was all the fond heart could say ;
At length the sound died away
Feebly in Mora.

CCXIV.
A FAVOURITE AIR.
FROM LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

HENCE with cares, complaints and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy ;
Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ :
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain ;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign.

CCXV.
BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

HOW blyth, ilk'morn, was I to see
My swain come o'er the hill !
He leapt the burn, and flew to me ;
I met him wi' good will.

CHORUS.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom o' Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay ;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.

O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by ;
Ev'a the dull cattle stood and gaz'd
Charm'd wi' his melody.

O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho, ne'er so rich and gay.

O the broom, &c.

Hard fate ! that I shou'd banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,

286 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

[Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born !

O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?
He flaw my heart ; cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broch, and crooked stick,
May now lye useles by. ♪

O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' pleasures there ;
Ye gods, restore to me my swain,
Is a' I crave, or care.

C H O R U S.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom
The broom o' Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

CCXVI.

G A L L O W S H I E L S.

A H the shepherd's mournful fate !
Whendoom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish !
Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
My secret foul discover,
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.
For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling ,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.



CCXVII.

COME JOLLY BACCHUS.

Tune, —CHARLES OF SWEDEN.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure :
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure.

Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian to our pleasure,
 That under thy protection we
 May enjoy new pleasure.

And as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

CCXVIII.

LOVELY PEGGY.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal flēil,
 To hills and dales my paſſion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy.
 You greater bards your lyre ſhould hit ;
 For ſay, what ſubject is more fit,
 Than to record the ſparkling wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The fun firſt rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-befpangled thorn,
 Does not ſo much the day adorn
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 And when in Thetis' lap to reſt,
 He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weft,
 He's not ſo beauteous as, undreſt
 Appear my lovely Peggy.

290 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight ;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
They do not half the sweets disclose,
As does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or lately swans the waters love,
So long shall I love Peggy.
And when death lifts his pointed dart
To strike the blow that rends my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
Adieu ! my lovely Peggy.

CCXIX.

PINKY HOUSE.

BY Pinky house oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,
I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms.
O let me ever fond behold
Those graces void of art !
Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold
In willing chains my heart.

O come my love ! and bring anew,
That gentle turn of mind ;
That gracefulness of air, in you,
By nature's hand design'd :
That beauty, like the blushing rose,
First lighted up this flame ;
Which, like the sun, for ever glows
Within my breast the same !

Ye light coquets ! ye airy things !
How vain is all your art !
How seldom it a lover brings !
How rarely keeps a heart !

O ! gather from my Nelly's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease ;
 That blushing modesty that warms,
 That native art to please.

Come then, my love ! O come along !
 And feed me with thy charms ;
 Come, fair inspirer of my song,
 O fill my longing arms !
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heavenly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine !

CCXX.

SONS OF CARE.

BY the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow eask are told,
 How the waning night grows old.
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day,
 Drives us from our sports away ;

What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Come, then, fill the chearful glass,
Truth is only found in wine :
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendship is divine.
But true friendship is divine.



CCXXI.

MY HEART'S MY AIN.

T IS nae very lang sinfyne,
That I had a lad o' my ain,
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lane.
The lass he's courting has feller,
And I hae nane at a' ;
And it's naught but the love of the tocher,
That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I'm blithe that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,

Until that I meet wi' a lad,
 Who has sense to wail a good wife.
 For though I say't myself,
 That shou'd na say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell,
 Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back
 But sic as I spin myself.
 And when I am clad in my curfys,
 I think myself as braw
 As Susie, wi' a her pearling,
 That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckl'd together,
 And may they live happy for life ;
 Tho' Willy does flight me, and's left me,
 The chield he deserves a good wife.
 But, O ! I'm blithe that I've miss'd him,
 As blithe as I weel can be ;
 For aye that's fae keen o' the feller
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit and scant ;

The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak' use o't,
And nae aye about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when ta had and to gi'e
For whinging and cringing for siller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough ;
The master is seldom so happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To make me his partner for life,
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

CCXXII.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

H ERSELL pe Highland shentleman
Pe auld as Pothwell prig man,
An' mony alteration seen.
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.

Fal la!, 33

296 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man :
There was nae laws about him's nerf,
About the preeks or trews, man.

} Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't en her shoulder ;
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her nerf be lockit,
O hon ! that e'er she saw the day !
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every t'ing in the Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration ;
The fodger dwell at our door sheek,
And tat's the great vexation.

Scotland be turn'd a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on te cadger :
Nainsell wad durk him for her deed,
But oh she fears te foger.

Anither law came after that,
Me never saw the like, man :

They mak' a lang road on the cruid,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow she pe a pony road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no break ithers legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be cheaper,
For neought but ga'en upo' the cruid,
And they gie me a paper.

They tak' te horse t'en py te head,
And t'ree they mak' him stand, man;
I tell'd them that I seen te day
He had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubts Nainsell maun tra' her purse,
And pay them what hims like, man;
I'll see a shugement on his toor,
T'at filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa' to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimspike,
Unles it pe to purn her.

CCXXIII.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

SUNG BY MISS CATLEY.

DOWN the burn and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.
 Dear she lo'ed the well known song,
 While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

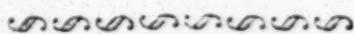
Down the burn and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Cestly claihs she had but few ;
 Of rings and jewels nae great store,
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely wish'd nae mair :
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize,
 O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny, cou'd nae these impart ;
Yonhu' Mary's greatest wealth
Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart :
Sweet the joys the lovers find,
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.

Down the burn, &c.



CCXXIV.

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing and love, and laugh with me ;
Cupid is my theme of story,
'Tis his godship's praise and glory,
How all yield into his law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play :
He makes heroes quit their glory,
He's the god most fam'd in story ;
Bending then into his law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity piercing hearts :
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions,
Himself is Cupid's law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.



You may doubt these things are true ;
But they're facts 'twixt me and you :
Then ye men and maids be wary
How ye meet before you marry,
Cupid's will is (killy) ! yo.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

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CCXV.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

THIE wand'ring sailor plows the main,
A competence is life to gain,
Undaunted nerves the stormy sea,
To find at length content and ease.
He hopes, when toll an' danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

In hopes, Sir.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunder shakes from pole to pole,
When dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;

In hopes, &c.

When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early scenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favourite fair will boast.
This is their universal toast :
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore.

May we, &c.

CCXXVI.

ANNA'S URN.

E NCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay ;
Too soon did heav'n assert its claim,
And call'd it's own away.
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Can never more return :
What then shall fill these widow'd arms,
Ah me ! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
 Which blest with her I knew ?
 Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd
 Were bound by love too true.
 That rural train which once were us'd
 In festive dance to turn,
 So pleas'd when Anna they amus'd,
 Now weeping deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
 She clasp'd me to her breast,
 To part with thee is all my pain,
 She cried, then funk to refl.
 While mem'ry shall her scat retain,
 From beauteous Anna torn,
 My heart shall breath its ceaselesstrain
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There with the earliest dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate ;
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.
 With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My Anna there I'll mourn ;
 For all my soul, now she is dead,
 Concenters in her urn.

CCXXVII.

WHEN SUMMER COMES, &c.

WHEN summer comes the swains on Tweed,

Sing their successful loves ;

Around the ewes and lambkins feed,

And music fills the groves :

But my lov'd-song is then the broom,

So fair en Coudenknows.

For sure, so soft, so sweet a bloom,

Elsewhere there never grows.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,

The broom on Coudenknows,

For, sure, so soft, so sweet a bloom,

Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his eaten reed,

And won my yielding heart ;

No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed

Could play with half such art.

He sang of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,

The hills and dales all round,

Of Leader's haughs, and Leader's side,

O how I blefs'd the sound !

O the broom, &c.

Not Teviot's braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare ;
 Not Yarrow's banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor bush aboon Traquair :
 More pleasing far are Coudlenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewe
 At eve among the broom.
 O the broom, &c.

CCXXVIII.

PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

SUNG BY MISS CATLEY.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
 To high words got,
 Break out at gameorum ;
 The flame to cool,
 My golden rule,
 Is push about the jorum.

With fist en jug,
 Coifs who can lug ?
 Or shew me that glibe speaker,
 Who her red rag
 In gibe can wag,
 With her mouth full of liquor.

CCXXIX.

QUEEN MARY's LAMENTATION.

SUNG BY SIG. TENDUCCI.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan ;
Alas ! it increases my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone.
Through the gate of my prison I see,
The birds as they wanton in air,
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above the oppress'd by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Though Fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.
False woman, in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be ;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell ;

Qq

How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell.
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O Mary, prepare thee to die,
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

CCXXX.

THE MAID'S COMPLAINT.

Tune—NO DOMINIES FOR ME.

NOW I must figh,
 And woful cry,
 For my love flighted me, laffie ;
 He's prov'd untrue,
 And brake his vow,
 That he would marry me, laffie.

Where can I go,
 To hide my woe ?
 To whom can I complain, laffie ;
 My lover run,
 My friends me shun,
 And treat me with disdain, laffie

How foolish she,
Whom, dup'd like me,
False, flattering men betray, lassie ;
Their end once gain'd,
She's soon disdain'd,
And left to pine away, lassie.

Too fond his love,
To constant prove,
In it too happy I, lassie ;
Well might I know,
Nought here below
So pleasing was for ay, lassie.

In pleasing dreams
By murmuring streams,
I pass'd away the day, lassie ;
And when the light
Gave place to night,
I'd with my charmer stray, lassie.

But now all fled.
My joys are dead ;
Oft for my crime I sigh, lassie ;
When on't I think,
My spirits sink,
I sit me down and cry, lassie.

But my sweet babe,
 For whose dear sake
 I suffer all this ill, lassie ;
 Shall on me smile,
 And time beguile,
 And be same comfort still, lassie.

CCXXXI.

AN OLD MAID'S ADVICE.

Tune—HUMOURS OF GLEN.

YE young maids so sprightly,
 And widows so fightly,
 Who wish to be marry'd, my counsel attend ;
 Come hear an old maiden,
 Deserted, forsaken,
 Advise you to listen to humours of glen.
 When I was a young one, I flounced, I bounded,
 Disdained the offers of several young men ;
 I thought it so airy, my head high to carry ;
 And never to marry for humours of glen.

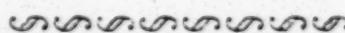
But now in my turn,
 Grown old and infirm,
 I'm held in great scorn by jolly young men :

And there goes old aunty,
They jeeringly taunt me,
Who never would hearken to humours of glen ;
Her grey hair all borrow'd,
Her cheeks thin and furrow'd,
Her wan lips discolour'd invite not young men,
Her breast flat and wither'd,
Love's flame ther: long smother'd,
Retains no more moisture for humours of glen.

Then mark well, dear lasses,
When you look in your glaases,
And see in your faces the humours of glen ;
That then is the seafon,
And high time in reasen,
To jump at the offers of worthy young men.
Be neither too haughty,
By no means be naughty,
When courted and teized by wanton young men,
If haughty, they leave you,
If naughty, they reave you
Of honour, and spoil all your humours of glen.

Careſs with discretion,
And ſome reſervation,
Shew no inclination to rakish young men ;

Nor old rich contractors,
 With parents for daughters,
 They'll ne'er prove good actors at humours of glen.
 The youth, whose pure passion
 Is not rais'd by fashion,
 To court for a fortune, your favour should gain ;
 For such will give pleasure,
 And be nobler treasure,
 Than they, who for money wed, ever attain.



CCXXXII.

THE LIFE WE LOVE.

A G L E F.

COME, let us join in cheerful song,
 To celebrate the life we love ;
 And while we take our drink along,
 How can we better it improve ?
 Since mirth and drinking
 Keep from thinking
 On the toils we must endure ;
 How can we better
 Mend the matter,
 Than drown the ills we cannot cure ?

CCXXXIII.

SCANT OF LOVE, WANT OF LOVE.

BY A LADY.

THE auld man he courted me,
Scant of love, want of love;
The auld man he courted me,
Thoughtless as I am ;
And I for the sake of pelf,
Yielded to give myself
To the cauld arms of
The filly auld man.

The auld man did marry me,
Scant of love, want of love,
The auld man did marry me,
Wanton as I am ;
The auld man did marry me,
And home did carry me :
Never, never while you live
Wed an auld man.

The auld man and I went to bed,
Scant of love, want of love ;
The auld man and I went to bed,
Handsome as I am :

312 The CHEARFUL COMPANION.

The auld man and I went to bed,
But he neither did nor said,
What brides expects when laid,
By a gudeman.

The auld man soon fell asleep,
Scant of love, want of love ;
The auld man soon fell asleep,
Left me as I am ;
The auld man soon fell asleep,
Think you that I would weep ?
No—but I straight did creep
To a young man ;

Where I lay all the night,
No scant, no want of love ;
Where I lay all the night,
Who so happy then ?
Where I lay all the night,
In raptures and delight ;
So should all young wives treat
Fumbling auld men.

END OF THE SONGS.

C A T C H E S.

ON SOPHOCLES, BY SIMONIDES.

FOR THREE VOICES.

WIND gentle ever-green to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy wind thy boughs and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clattering vine :
Thus will thy lasting leaves with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

G A B R I E L J O H N.

FOR THREE VOICES.

UNDER this stone, lies Gabriel John,
In the year of our Lord one thousand and one,
Cover his head with turf or stone,
'Tis all one, 'tis all one, with turf or stone, 'tis all one;
Pray for the soul of gentle John,
If you please you may, or let it alone, 'tis all one.

R. r

QUOTH JACK ON A TIME.

QUOTH Jack on a time to Tom I'll declare
it,

I've a mind we should fuddle our noses with claret;
Says Tom, it will do you more harm than you think,
Fie on you, says Jack, who can live without drink?
I'll ne'er baulk my wine, here's to thy dispose.
Tom pretends not to drink, pray look at his nose.

COME FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS.

FOR THREE VOICES.

COME friends and companions, let's take a
full glas,

And each drink a health to his favourite lass,
And each drink a health,
And each drink a health,

And each drink a health to his favourite lass,
And each drink a health to his favourite lass.

With wine and with love let the evening be crown'd,
Let no envy or discord among us be found,
With hearts free from trouble we chearfully sing,
Huzza for our country ! huzza for our king !
Huzza for our country ! huzza for our king !

A BOAT UNTO THE FERRY.

FOR THREE VOICES.

A Boat, a boat unto the ferry,
For we came here for to be merry,
To laugh and quaff and drink old cherry.

NOW WE ARE MET.

FOR THREE VOICES.

NOW, now we are met,
And humours agree,
Call, call for wine,
And lose no time,
But let's merry be ;

Fill, fill it about,
To me let it come,
Fill the glafs to the top,
I'll drink every drop,
Supernaculum.

A health to the king,
Round, round let it pass,
Fill it up, and then,
Drink it off like men,
Never baulk your glafs.

FOLLOW ME.

FOR THREE VOICES.

FOLOW, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow, follow me.
 Whither shall I follow, whither shall I follow,
 Follow, follow, follow thee?
 To the green-wood, to the green-wood,
 To the green-wood, green-wood tree.

CHRIST-CHURCH BELLS.

FOR THREE VOICES.

HARK! the low Christ-church bells,
H One, two, three, four, five, six,
 They sound so wond'res great, so wond'rous sweet,
 And they trowl so merrily merrily.

 Hark! the first and second bell,
 That ev'ry day, at four and ten,
 Cries, come, come, come, come, come to pray're,
 And the Verger trips before the Dean.

 Tingle, tingle, tingle, goes the small bell at nine,
 To call the bearers home;
 But the ne'er a man will b—tis cany,
 Till he hear the mighty tom.

GIVE THE TOAST.

FOR THREE VOICES.

GIVE the toast my good fellow, be jovial and
gay,

And let the brisk moments pass jocund away :

Here's the King—take your bumpers, my brave
British souls,

Who guards your fair freedom should crown your
full bowls.

Let him live—long and happy—see Lewis brought
down ;

And taste all the comforts, no cares, of a crown.

INTRODUCTION OF THE BOWL.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

SEE my boys, the fuming bowl,

Let jolly bumpers take their round,

Rapture seize on every soul,

Till loud each cheerful voice resound,

Power and wealth, beauty, health,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd

Joy abound, pleasure found,

Only when the glafs go round.

HOW GREAT IS THE PLEASURE.

FOR THREE VOICES.

HOW great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight:
 When soft love and music together unite.
 How great is the pleasure, how sweet's the delight:
 When love, soft love and music unite.
 Sweet, sweet, how sweet the delight?
 When harmony, soft harmony and love do unite.

SINCE MY PHILLIS, &c.

FOR THREE VOICES.

SINCE my Phillis has fallen has fallen to my share,
 In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink, I'll drink
 to the fair,
 And the man here who envies me most,
 Let him bid me say more, say more, say more to
 the toast,
 For a larger I'll soon, soon change my cup :
 To the brim full, to the brim full, fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable up.

THE END.

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Come friends and companions	ib

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Now, now we are met	ib
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